

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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One Halfpenny.

KING EDWARD ENJOYS HIS VISIT TO BISLEY ON SATURDAY.



King Edward was in high spirits during the final shoot for the King's Prize, when the photograph reproduced above was taken. At the conclusion of the contest his Majesty warmly complimented the winner, Armourer-Sergeant A. J. Comber, on his well-deserved success.



The King snapshotted while he was watching the shooting in the *Daily Mirror* automatic rifle competition. His Majesty observed with close interest the performances of the automatic rifles, which acquitted themselves well considering that each one had to compete with two service rifles in the hands of crack marksmen.

BIRTHS.

HEGGS—On the 19th inst., at Toronto House, West Bromwich, the wife of Raymond Mitchell Heggs, L.R.C.P., Lond., M.R.C.S. Eng., of a daughter.

LUNGE—On July 20, at "Arizon," Cuswick-road, West Norwood, E.S., the wife of Frederick George Lunge—son.

MIND—On July 21, at Kenmore, Elm-avenue, Muswell Hill, N., to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin N. Mind—son.

PATERSON—On Thursday, July 20, at 5, Northfield-road, Stamford Hill, N., the wife of Herbert M. Paterson, of a daughter.

RAISIN—On July 19, 1905, at 134, Venner-road, Sydenham, S.E., to Frank (Lieut. R.N.R.) and Ada Raisin, a son—Aubrey.

RITCHIE—On July 20, at The Corner House, Spencer-park, St. Albans, the wife of Christopher Ritchie, of a daughter.

SELBY LOWNDEN—On the 19th inst., at Stamford-hill, the wife of Cyril Selby Lowndes, of a daughter.

STEVENS—On July 20, at Ivanhurst, Ekers-road, Ealing, W., the wife of James Stevens, of a daughter.

THOMPSON—On July 20, at Ardul, Compton-road, Winchmore Hill, N., the wife of Thos. E. Thompson, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

GEE-STUFFIELD—On the 20th inst., at St. Mary's, Bartlow, by the Rev. Edw. Joseph Beck, rector of Rotherhithe and Hon. Canon of Rochester, and the Rev. E. Hermitage Day, D.D., rector of Abbey Cleeve, Radnor, Gordon second son of the late Samuel John Gee, of Middlesbrough, London, to Miss Louise, youngest daughter of A. E. O. and Louisa Stufflefield, of 77, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, and Bartlow, Cambs.

HARDMAN-ROBERTS—On July 20, at All Souls', Langham-place, W., by the Rev. A. C. Macnutt, Henry Hardman, Solicitor, of Broomfield, Essex, and Cannon-street, E.C., to Lily, daughter of Thomas Roberts, of the Anchorage, Bromley, Kent, and Harne Bay.

HENDERSON-WOOD HILL—On Thursday, July 20, at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, by the Rev. Canon Rowell, rector of Beccles, assisted by the Rev. H. Woodhouse, Thomas John Henderson, son of the late Thomas Henderson, Esq., to Katherine Maud, elder daughter of the late Henry Wood Hill, Esq., C.S., and of Mrs. Wood Hill, Stathe House, Beccles, Suffolk.

LAMBERT-HARDY—On July 19, at St. Jude's Church, South Kensington, by the Rev. F. Witherford, Vicar of Little Milton, and the Rev. Prebendary Eardley, Wilnot, vicar of the parish, William Lambert, youngest son of the late Charles J. Lambert and the late Mrs. Lambert, of 35, Queen's-gate-terrace, to Winifred Ann Whitaker, youngest daughter of George Dalton Hardy, of 23, Nevill-square, S.W.

NORTH-ARMYtage—On the 19th inst., at St. Peter's, Haverhill, by the Lord Bishop of Wakefield, assisted by the Rev. Thos. King, vicar of Hartshead, Mayoribanks, Keston, second son of Charles North, Esq., of Rougham in Norfolk, to Edith Beatrice, daughter of Sir George John Armytage, Bart., of Kirkcotes Park, Yorkshire.

DEATHS.

BROWN—On the 20th inst., at Oxford, Edwin Harold, second surviving son of Walter Brown, of 4-5, Wormwood-street, E.C.

COCKRAM—On July 20, at 33, Stapleton-road, Strand Green, N., Charles Page Cockram, aged 55 years.

GRANT—On July 20, at 64, Denistown-st., S.W., Samuel Grant, brother of the late Stephen Grant, of 67a, St. James-street, S.W., aged 74.

LANE—On the 21st inst., at 9, Gloucester-street, S.W., Rosa Mary, widow of the late Deputy Surgeon-General W. R. Lane, formerly Brigade Surgeon, Brigade of Guards, aged 69 years.

MANSILL—On the 20th inst., at Dorchester, Arthur Edmund Mansell, late Captain 3rd Hussars, youngest son of the late Colonel Mansell, C.B., of Smeedmore, Dorset, aged 77. Funeral Monday, 2 o'clock, St. Mary's, 4-50, Fordington St. George.

REYNOLDS—On the 20th inst., Emma, the dearly-loved wife of Thomas Reynolds, of Ludbrook-grove, and only daughter of Captain Isaac Chapman, of Little Hampton, in her 70th year.

RHODES—On July 20, suddenly, at 7, Russell-road, Kensington, Ursula, twin daughter of Percy John Rhodes, aged 44.

SEMPHILL—On the 21st inst., at Craigievar Castle, Aberdeenshire, William Forbes Semphill, 17th Baron Semphill, aged 69. Funeral to-morrow.

PERSONAL.

LODESTAR—What has made you change so suddenly? **MAVIR**—Realization of hopes filled me with happiness. **STONEKILL**.

CARISBY—Thank you, darling. Love your dear words. Wire come quick.

MISSING—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative or to receive a letter, or in the Colonies, or in the United States, at his advertisement in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world, where an English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3, Carnarvon House, Temple, London, E.C.

THE "Daily Mirror" will be forwarded post free daily for 6d. a week to any person who sends for it, and per, without charge, to the Editor, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-lane, London.

* * * The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 1d. per word above that rate. Advertisements are sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Columns are charged at 1d. per line, and per, without charge, to the Editor, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-lane, London.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION. Representative exhibits from all parts of the World. **GREAT SOMALI ANIMAL CAMP.** Displays by Native Warriors, 2-30, 4-30, and 6-30. **Pibet-an** (Zoupe). Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards. **SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.** **BROOKS' FIREWORKS EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, at 9.15.** Table d'hôte luncheon and dinner in the new Dining Rooms, overlooking the grounds and Firework Displays. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGELERS," at OXFORD-CIRCUS, W., at 2.30 and 8.0. Performing Animals. Daily 3 and 8. Prices from 6d. Children half-price at both times. Telephone 4136 Gerrard. **Big Jumbo Circus** at the OLYMPIA, at 8.0. Ticket 1d. Wed. night FRESH AIR FUND BENEFIT.

COLISEUM. CHARING-CROSS. PROGRAMME, at 12 (NOON) and 6 P.M. **THE DIAMOND QUEEN.** The new sensational Burlesque. **MRS. CLEMENT SCOTT** as MAGGIE LEE. **MARGARET ASHTON** in "SUMMER, TOMMY RINDEN and JESSIE HENDERSON." **THE PRINCESS AND THE TROUBADOUR.** **MATTHE WILKES**, the celebrated Crooner, in "SONG SONGS." **ALICE TUCKER** by MINNIE CUNNINGHAM. **ILLUSTRATED SONG, GRAND RACING SPECTACLE, "THE DERBY."** **SELECT VARIETIES.** PROGRAMME at 8 P.M. and 9 P.M. Magnificent Grand Show, the new Sensational Burlesque, **"PABST,"** with **LEMPRIERE PRINGLE** as "MEPHISTOPHELES." **MISS MABEL LOVE** in grand Farina Secan. **THE WINNING EDWARD LEWIS** and **MISS GEORGE LEIGHTON** in "OURAH WESKESINA." **Mr. J. HICKS** in "THE NEW YORKER." **THE KLESCINA." MRS. BROWN-POTTER** and **Mr. GILBERT HARE** in "PAGLIACCI." **ILLUSTRATED SONG, TROUPE TROUPEMENT.** **CHARMING NEW VARIETIES.** Last week of **Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON** in "THE TRAMP," and **Mr. COURTNEY FOUNDS** in "FRITZ."

COLISEUM. CHARING-CROSS. Prices: Shows 2s. 2s., 2s. 11s. 6d., and 2s. 11s. 6d. 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Stalls, 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. (Telephone No. 7659 Gerrard). Grand Tea, 10s. 6d. (Telephone No. 7659 Gerrard). Children under 12 half-price to all Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

From the
Land of the Lemon

Comes the cheapest and most delicious drink of modern times, **Eiffel Tower Lemonade**. It is partly made in Italy, the finest Messina Lemons being used in its manufacture. A 4½d. bottle makes two gallons of the finest Lemonade you ever tasted. A wholesome, health-giving cooling beverage.

2 Gallons for 4½d.

MADE FROM FRUIT AND SUGAR ONLY.
IT IS EASILY PREPARED.

We only ask you to give it a trial, for once tried, we know, like "Oliver Twist," you will ask for more.

Of All Grocers.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT. 11 a.m. till 11 p.m. Admission 1s.

NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS. Fishing Village, Working Exhibit. Model of "Victory," H.M. ROYAL MARINE LIGHT INFANTRY BAND. EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.

Go on board the Fictitious Cruiser, Real Batteries of 47 Guns, Hotchiss and Maxims. The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 160 Handy-men.

PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF THE FALDES. West's "Our Navy." Maxims' Captive Flying Machine. Fairy Grotto, Indian Camps, Buxton's Great Red Indian Village, Chinese Squares, and Pigeons, Voyage in a Submarine, Vanderdecken's Haunted Galleon, Famous Sea Fights, Miss Robson's Musical and Dramatic Sketches, Tillam's Cause.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SUNNY SOUTH.

BRIGHTON SEAFORD. First Class Return Tickets to Brighton from Victoria. Sundays, 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m.; 1st Class 10s., Pullman 15s. Week-days at 10.5 a.m., Pullman 15s. Similar Tickets to Worthing.

"Sunny South Sea Isl." consisting of Corridor Carriages, Lunches and Tea Car, gives Thorough Service every week-day from Liverpool 11.0 a.m., Manchester 11.20 a.m., Birmingham 1.0 p.m., Leamington 1.12 p.m., Kensington Addon-road 3.35 p.m., departure at Brighton 5.5 p.m., Eastbourne 6.0 p.m.

Cheap Excursions for the day, week-end, and 8 or 15 days to all these South Coast Resorts and the Isle of Wight.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

RYDE COWES SANDWICH SHANKLIN. Through Tickets issued and luggage Registered throughout. The Train runs alongside the Steamer at Portsmouth and Ryde thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.

Details of Supt. of the Line, London Bridge Terminus.

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST.

DIETPE, TROUVILLE, ST. VALERY, CAEN, ETRETAT, BAYEAUX, REMURDEUX, REPORT MERS. Circular Tickets issued via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, comprising all places of interest in Normy and Brittany.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

LONDON WILSON LINE Inclusive TOURS. TO NORWAY. Illustrated Book (gratis) from UNITED SHIPPIING CO., Ltd., 108, Fenchurch-street, E.C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A Pianoforte.—Lady must sell magnificent 60-guineas upright grand, drawing-room piano, grand repeat action, hand some marqueterie panel, with carved pillars; nearly new. Maker's 20 years' warranty; transfer; take £15 10s., sent on approval for seven days; carriage paid both ways. Price £25. 231, Brompton-road, New London, E.

COTTAGE Organ; splendid tone; £4 10s.; bargain.—115, Bishopsgate, Cambridge Heath, N.E.

COTTAGE Piano; good condition; £4 10s.; easy terms.—105, Approach, Cambridge Heath, E.

15 Guineas.—Piano "Duchesse" Model first price 30 guineas) by D'ALMAZIE (established 120 years); solid iron frame, upright grand, fall-on-key action, rare rose-wood action, etc., in handsome carved case, 50in. in length, in perfect playing order; sent on approval, carriage free both ways; 20 years' warranty; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher-class instrument within three years.—D'Almaize and Co. established 120 years) 91, Finsbury-pavement City. Open till 7; Saturdays 5.

"DAILY MIRROR"

Allen Foster & Co.
47, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

All are pleased with the "Alfosco" Costumes and Costume Skirts. Send postcard to-day for our New Illustrated Sketch Book. You would like to see it very much; it contains some really pretty styles. Don't forget to write. We shall be most pleased to send it you.

Design No. 16/11
CHIESTERFIELD COAT and SKIRT, single-breasted, three-quarter coat, well cut sleeve, jacket and gilet cut. Excellent all-wool, lined throughout and fashionably trimmed with pure pelts and trimmings of the best quality. The colorings of the pelts Serge or Venetian Cloth. Splendid wearing cloth. Costume complete only 10/11, carriage 6d.

Costume made in Alexandria and 2/6 in good Washing Holland 15/6, carriage 6d. Terms of different materials post free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call or write.

Design No. 9/6
VOL. COSTUME SKIRT. Made in good wearing canvas voile lined throughout, trimmed deep gauged tulle, narrow tucks and silk ribbon. A skirt that any lady would be pleased with. Colours, cream, navy, brown, royal, and black. A really cheap skirt.

Price only 9/6, carriage 6d.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,
The London Manufacturers.
47, GOLDEN LANE, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

A DATE TO REMEMBER.
JULY 25.
HOLIDAY APARTMENT AND BONUS DAY
IN THE LONDON "EVENING NEWS."
JULY 25.

Do you want holiday apartments, or have you any holiday apartments to let? If you belong to either class you should make a note of the date July 25.

On that day the "Evening News" is publishing a special issue, in which small advertisements relating to holiday apartments will be taken at special rates. This will not be the only holiday feature of the paper, but it will be one that will commend itself especially to those who are looking out for comfortable quarters in which to spend the annual vacation.

Advertisements inserted in this issue will reach the eyes of hundreds of thousands who are on the eve of their annual visit to the seaside. To show the value of such publicity, it may be mentioned that an advertiser who recently made use of the "Evening News" columns wrote a day or two afterwards saying: "I could have let half a dozen houses full of apartments to the people who answered my one small advertisement."

Advertisements, in order to ensure insertion, should be forwarded as early as possible, and should be written on the accompanying form. The rates for insertion are: Twelve words 1s., a penny a word after; three insertions for the price of two.

FREE GIFT TO EVERY ADVERTISER.
FORM TO PRIVATE ADVERTISERS.

1.	2.
3.	4.
5.	6.
7.	8.
9.	10.
11.	1/-

Advertisements may be addressed to the CHIEF CLERK, Evening News Advertisement Office, Talfin St., London.

MINISTERS AND "THE CRISIS."

Autumn Election Now Expected by All Parties.

PREMIER'S DECISION.

Fateful Announcement To Be Made In the House To-day.

WHAT "C.-B." THINKS.

What will Mr. Balfour say this afternoon?

The eagerly expected "important statement" he is to make to the House of Commons must mean one of three things:—

1. That he will disregard the Government's defeat altogether, and remain in office as if nothing had happened.

2. That he will resign immediately.

3. That he will finish up the work of the session, and arrange for an appeal to the country in the autumn, probably in October.

The third course is now regarded as by far the most probable. As was pointed out in Saturday's *Daily Mirror*, every possible argument is against an immediate election. It would upset agriculture and holidays; would sacrifice a large amount of precious Parliamentary time; and there are complicated questions of foreign policy that might easily go awry. Both in Morocco and the Far East the country is confronted with the danger of "swapping horses while crossing the stream."

It is, however, the general feeling even among the Unionists that the Government would be ill-advised to undertake another session, and a dissolution in October is generally expected.

Even the Liberals are really not anxious for immediate dissolution, for they are not ready for an election campaign on the spur of the moment.

"C.-B." SCORNFUL.

Says the Country is Sick of the Government and Its "Tricks."

There was a flood of political speeches, all bearing on the situation on Saturday. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, sniffling battle like the warhorse, spoke out in vigorous and interesting style at Woodford Green.

"Have we any Government at present?" he asked. "Nobody knows, and nobody will know till Monday afternoon."

"In a supercilious and disdainful manner," he went on, "the Prime Minister represents to us that he doesn't care a snap of the fingers for the votes of the electors in the by-elections, and he would retain office so long as he is supported by his followers."

"That is an attitude which is wholly unconstitutional. (Cheers.) I am a House of Commons man to the tips of my fingers, and still stand up for the rights of the House on all occasions, but what is the House of Commons if it is not in harmony with the feelings of the country?"

Then followed a bitter denunciation of the Government.

SICK OF THE GOVERNMENT.

"The country is sick of the Government. It is sick of their wars and enterprises, which rule the people of this country; it is sick of their policy, which impedes the development of commerce and industry; it is sick of their impotent coddling with the Army; it is sick of their attention and kindness to various favoured classes at the cost of the rest of the community; it is sick of their shuffling and evasion on the fiscal question, a question vital to the prosperity of the country. The country has, therefore, been crying out to make an end of them."

"We are sometimes told," said Sir Henry, with great scorn, "that this course would be disastrous to our Empire, as there are no other men to be found who are to be trusted with its affairs. I pass by the effrontery and the vulgarity of that claim, but I put it to this simple test, 'Do these indications, to some of which I have referred, point to the present Government being an authoritative body to save the interest of the country?'"

Sir Henry went on to refer to the Government's great wickedness (from a Radical point of view) in

introducing Redistribution "to punish Ireland," and jeered at the great meeting of the Party—the meeting at which Mr. Balfour insisted on more loyal support in Parliament, and which was followed by the famous defeat.

As to the fatal vote, he said: "'Oh,' they say, 'a snap decision.' (No, no.) They say they are going to set up the vote again in order that it may be carried off show that it was all a mistake (laughter). What is a snap decision? What was the nature of this vote? It was taken at the usual hour for big divisions, in a full House, upon a subject of the highest importance, not only to the country, but to the Government itself, because this Irish Land Act is one of the great achievements of the Government."

"A judgment of that kind cannot be treated as a snap vote, where you can set up the same question again and rehear the case."

"Now I have gone through this story, I ask you what has become of the authority of the Prime Minister over his own followers. The ground which he himself has chosen to occupy has fallen beneath his feet."

"Well, now, I stop in my history because I can go no further. I, alike with you, await the decision that is to come on Monday. I have no more reason than you have to know what that decision may be."

"The Government are the guardians of their dignity—no, they have lost that dignity long ago. I go further and deeper, and I say they are the guardians of their honour. Let us leave them to show what view they take of that honour. We ought to wait, and shall wait, in calmness, amused by their tricks and manoeuvres."

"SMALL, TEMPORARY REVERSE."

Speaking at Dartford, Mr. Akers-Douglas, the Home Secretary, described the result of the division as "a small temporary reverse, which threw back business and enabled the enemy to blaspheme."

At a Tariff Reform League party at Muswell Hill Viscount Ridley said tariff reformers were an independent body. They existed to press forward tariff reform. It did not matter much to them what the situation was or may be.

Lord Aberdeen, also speaking at Muswell Hill, said it was a puzzle why the Government had been given such a prolonged existence. When they did come out they would do so with a vengeance.

Sir Edward Clarke has written to the chiefs of the Unionist Party in Brighton withdrawing his candidature for that borough.

Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, at Loughborough, said the defeat marked the break-up of a long tyranny.

French papers generally agree that the entente cordiale would be safe in the hands of Sir E. Grey as Foreign Minister, but doubt the friendliness of Lord Rosebery with France.

Sir Frederick Milner explains that a terrible headache, which paralysed him with pain, was the reason he was absent unpaired from Thursday's division.

LORD CURZON ILL.

Strong Impression in Official Circles that the Viceroy Will Resign.

SIMLA, Saturday.—Lord Curzon, who has been indisposed for some time, is now confined to his bed.

The view continues to be held both at Simla and in India generally that Lord Curzon's speech at the Viceroy's Council on Tuesday was a temperate and restrained exposition of the views of the Government of India on the new Army scheme.

Should the question be again raised in the House of Commons, and strictures be passed upon the conduct of the Viceroy, he would, it is firmly believed, tender his resignation.

There is a strong feeling in official quarters that a serious phase of the crisis has now been reached, and the outcome is viewed with anxiety.—Reuter.

ALPINE MYSTERY.

Expert Climber Lost During an Ascent of a Giant Peak.

Seized with fatigue in an ascent of the Blumlisalp, M. Muralt, says Reuter, was at his own request left in a safe position while the summit was tackled by the rest.

Upon their returning his friends found only his ice-pick and climbing-iron.

A search party was organised, but nothing has yet been heard of M. Muralt, who was an experienced Alpinist.

NEGROES SEND DOWN RENTS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—The Americans living in the Maris-avenue in Paris are up in arms against the invasion of this street by negroes from the United States.

So great is the hatred of the Americans for their coloured neighbours that many of them are seeking residences in other parts of the city. Property has so fallen in value on the Maris-avenue since the invasion of the blacks that houses formerly valued at £12,000 are now on sale at £2,000.

Natives have attacked a Government party in German New Guinea and wounded four of its members.

SULTAN'S ESCAPE FROM A BOMB.

Fear-Haunted Monarch Said To Have Remained Perfectly Calm.

There are various accounts of the attempted assassination of the Sultan of Turkey—the announcement of which we made on Saturday.

According to the Turkish Embassy, a bomb burst in the courtyard of the mosque while his Imperial Majesty was leaving at the conclusion of the ceremony of the Selamluk.

Several persons were killed, the number being estimated, says Reuter, by some at fifteen, by others at forty. It is supposed that the would-be assassin managed to escape through the troops when the latter somewhat relaxed their vigilance on the Sultan's actual entrance into the mosque.

The Central News, however, says the explosion was caused by a subterranean mine controlled by clockwork. No less than eighty people were killed or injured, amongst them being two Pashas, and thirty members of the Imperial Civil Household. A terrible panic ensued. The Sultan was the most composed person present. Indeed, he is credited with driving his carriage himself at once to the palace, amid the admiring cheers of his entourage. He rose in his carriage, urging everyone to be calm, and afterwards drove to the palace bowing and smiling as if nothing had happened.

The outrage is suspected to be the result of a palace conspiracy, brought about by discontent at the exile of certain popular dignitaries.

This is by no means the first attempt on his Majesty. One of the most sensational was in 1898, when the plotters had actually succeeded in gaining over the palace guards. An officer betrayed them. The result was a severe struggle, in which 100 men were killed.

Three years later a deliberate attempt was made to kidnap the monarch. The idea was to declare him insane, remove him to a place of confinement, and proclaim his younger brother Reschid Sultan.

It is not then surprising that Abdul Hamid is haunted by fear. He is guarded by night alone as a yearly cost of over £65,000. Everything he eats is cooked in a strongly guarded chamber. His wine is sealed, and at any moment he may command the head cook to taste a dish.

Although his days are spent in witnessing concerts, plays, and cinematograph entertainments, he is the most unhappy of monarchs.

TSAR PLAYS "CRICKET."

Ordered Exercise, He Makes Top Score in a Burlesque Game with a Soft Ball.

A strange story of the Tsar playing a game which is called cricket is reported from St. Petersburg. His doctor having ordered him to take exercise, and the Tsar having grown tired of lawn tennis, two of the tennis courts at Peterhof were laid out as a cricket pitch.

The game the monarch took part in was played with a soft indiarubber ball, and there were only five players a side, everybody fielding all the time.

But although the ball was soft the bowlers were delivered to the Tsar that most of the balls delivered to his Majesty were wided and very few were on the wicket. Aided by these circumstances the Tsar is said to have made top score.

SCAFFOLD HORROR.

Masked Hangman Bungles the Execution of a Youthful Bomb-Thrower.

A painful scene was witnessed in the Warsaw Citadel at the execution of Stanislas Okszeja, a youth of nineteen, who was condemned to be hanged for throwing a bomb into a police station in the suburb of Praga.

When the man was placed on the drop the rope (says Reuter's Warsaw correspondent) broke, and the unfortunate man had again to be placed upon the scaffold. The execution was successfully carried out at the second attempt.

Okszeja, although so young, displayed great courage, his last words being, "Down with despotism; long live Socialism."

The hangman was masked, as it was feared that if he were known he might be the object of the vengeance of Okszeja's political friends.

A bomb was thrown on Friday at M. Pielenkin, the chief of police, at Bielostok, near Warsaw. He, together with his son, several civilians, and a policeman, were severely wounded. Three persons were killed. The assailant was arrested.

OFFICE-BOY'S POETIC REGRETS.

A Carriage gentleman who had decided to discharge his office-boy, aged fourteen, next morning found the following effusion on his desk:—

I in your service have some time been,
I made big mistakes, but you did not complain;
You treated me with kindness, and thank to my heart,
Accept this acknowledgment, and I depart.

HAPPY ROYAL PAIR.

Princess Margaret's Arrival at Her New Home in Sweden.

A COURT IDYLL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

STOCKHOLM, Sunday.—Greeted by the strains of the British National Anthem, and a hearty welcome from her new countrymen, Princess Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden arrived with her newly-wedded husband at Solfero Castle, Helsingborg, yesterday.

No more idyllic residence in which to begin a married life could be imagined.

It stands near the sparkling waters of the Baltic, it faces the fairy town of Elsinore, and is one of the most beautiful of the royal seats.

Here the future King and Queen of Sweden will spend the rest of the summer, and, judging by the bride's popularity in her English home, she is certain to win all hearts.

Brought up as she was, quite unaffectedly, she is fortunate in having married into a quiet and unostentatious family. The Swedish Court is known as the simplest and most unaffected in Europe.

The Queen, it has been said, is an ardent sympathiser with the Salvation Army. The Crown Prince is an experienced "slummer," and another Prince renounced his royal privileges in order to marry a lady of lowlier birth.

TASTES IN COMMON.

A good story illustrating this unaffected character of the Swedish Royal Family is told of Prince Gustavus. A "coasting" meet—the descent of icy hills on sledges—was in progress. The Prince and his companion collided with a sledge "manned" by two pretty girls. Exclaiming to his companion, "Don't give me away," he apologised for the accident, and suggested that the four should pair differently, he taking one girl and his companion the other.

The new arrangement was effected, and the Prince and his fair companion, who professed to be ignorant of her gallant cavalier's identity, enjoyed themselves hugely.

The daily life of the young couple cannot be otherwise than interesting. They have so many tastes in common. Each is fond of riding, games, and motoring. Each, too, is interested in art—the Prince as a collector of curios and furniture, the Princess as a connoisseur in precious stones.

The newly-wedded pair start their new life under very happy auguries.

MOUSE KILLS KAISER'S DOG.

Melancholy End of August, the German Emperor's Canine Pet.

The Kaiser is reported to be much concerned by the tragic end of his favourite bulldog, August, which has been killed by a mouse.

The dog was a great mouser, and it always slept in the royal kitchens, where it caught many mice. On coming down in the morning the servants found the dead body of August lying on the floor, and investigation showed he had been killed by a mouse.

The dog had swallowed the mouse alive, and the little animal had bitten right and left before it died, thus killing the Kaiser's pet.

BALLOON GYMKHANA.

Weird Aerial Vessels of Pioneer Aeronauts Paraded at Brussels.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BRUSSELS, Sunday.—A balloon gymkhana, representing the history of aerial navigation since 1794, was held here this afternoon.

The famous Montgolfier balloon charged with heated air was sent up; then the first balloon ascent with coal-gas and the first hydrogen ascent were reproduced.

A representation of the first military captive balloon which was sent up on the 26th of June, 1794, was given, and a descent was made from a height of about 4,000 feet in a parachute like that used by Garnerin in 1797.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The simultaneous marriage of three brothers, triplets, at Plugawa, Prussia, has just been celebrated.

There is no improvement in the condition of Mr. David Christie Murray, the novelist, and the illness of Mr. William Abraham, M.P., ("Mabon") is reported to have become more serious.

It is reported from Berlin that the German Emperor is about to propose a marriage between Prince Eitel-Fritz, his second son, and the Princess Olga of Cumberland, also a relation of our own Royal Family.

RARE JOY FOR SICK CHILDREN.

Her Majesty Delights Little Sufferers
by a Surprise Visit.

CHARMING EPISODES.

The Queen performed on Saturday one of those characteristic actions of charity which have endeared her to the nation.

Her Majesty, in the afternoon, paid a surprise visit to the inmates of the Victoria Hospital for Children at Chelsea, and great was the delight of the little sufferers at this unexpected honour.

Leaving Buckingham Palace in a brougham, the Queen drove to the hospital, accompanied by Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, the Countess of Gosford, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, and the Hon. Sidney Greville, and scarcely anyone in Chelsea guessed that her Majesty was in the borough.

A Pretty Incident.

At the hospital she was received by the chairman, Mr. R. A. Lubbock, and signed her name, "Alexandra," in the visitors' book.

As soon as she arrived a very pretty incident occurred. A little boy, one of the patients, had been selected for the honour of presenting the Queen with a bouquet of roses. He was hurriedly coached for the ceremony. He was told he "must make his bow," and he strove hard not to forget the instruction.

When her Majesty arrived the little fellow, deeply impressed with the eventful nature of his duties, solemnly handed the posy to the royal visitor and then verbally repeated his instructions. "Bow," he murmured.

The Queen joined in the general merriment at this quaint turn in the ceremonial and laughingly appreciated the explanation which was offered to her. The little patient was soon put at his ease by her Majesty's gracious acknowledgment of the compliment.

The Queen then passed on to an inspection of the wards. In one of these a little girl looked longingly at her Majesty's bouquet. The glance was quite sufficient, and the patient was left happy in the possession of one of the roses from the royal posy. She owed her distinction to the fact that, owing to the nature of her complaint, she was shut off by a screen from a view of the rest of the ward.

Another patient who excited the Queen's special interest was a little boy who has lost the sight of one eye and is almost blind in the other. When the Queen asked him how far he could see, he explained that he could see almost as far as the window.

The Queen's Grief.

But pathetic as was all the suffering through which her Majesty passed, the saddest incident of all did not centre round the patients, but round the Queen herself. As she was talking with cheerful sympathy to a child in the Alfred and Leopold Ward, she looked up at the brass inscription above the entrance for many of the beds are endowed to read that it was in memory of her own dead son, the Duke of Clarence, but only the nurse who was by her side noticed her involuntary start, and the look of pained memory which passed across her face.

From the fifth ward her Majesty passed to the empty sixth ward. At present the white swinging doors bear only "— Ward," but soon they will bear the title of "Alexandra Ward," for her Majesty graciously gave permission for it to be named after her.

At the same time she expressed the hope that the £9,000 which is still wanted to clear off the debt on the building will soon be forthcoming, intimating that when the Alexandra Ward was ready she might be able to formally open it.

THE QUEEN AND NURSES.

The Queen received at Buckingham Palace on Saturday Miss Peter, general superintendent of the "Queen's Nurses," who is retiring from her post in the Queen's Jubilee Institute for Nurses after seventeen years' service.

Her Majesty expressed her regret at the loss to the institute which Miss Peter's resignation would cause, and sent through her a special message of encouragement in their work to the 1,400 "Queen's Nurses" tending the sick poor in their houses throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

LONDON'S DECLINING SHIPPING.

Five hundred fewer vessels used London as a port of call last year than in 1903, according to a Parliamentary Blue-Book issued on Saturday. In 1903, 11,072 vessels, with a tonnage of 10,598,739, entered, whereas in 1904 the figures had fallen to 11,092, with a tonnage of 10,789,212.

Bookmaking will be suppressed on all French racecourses after September 1.

WEEK-END SPOILT.

Thousands Lured Abroad by Bright
Skies Drenched by Showers.

Holiday week-enders after days of intense and most oppressive heat, were disappointed by drenching rains yesterday in most parts of the country.

Saturday's glorious weather gave no hint of the change, and every terminus witnessed the usual rush of thousands to the sea, the country, and the river.

Train after train left packed with people, the largest proportion going to Brighton to witness the last day of the motor-car racing, and it was estimated that over 60,000 visitors entered the town during the week-end.

In very few cases did these holiday-makers wear anything but the lightest of clothes. Men favoured flannels, and women light, airy muslin. Overcoats, wraps, and umbrellas were undreamt of.

With startling suddenness the weather changed during the night, and to their disgust yesterday the holiday-folk saw from their bedroom windows heavy rain falling from gloomy skies.

Many braved the wind and rain and forlornly paraded up and down the dripping promenades.

On the Thames enthusiasts ventured out between the showers, and were to be seen crouching under the willows in shady backwaters and in such shelter as could be found.

Americans Flee to England.

Every incoming steamer from New York brings hundreds of passengers who have escaped from the American heat wave.

The St. Louis, of the American Line, which arrived at Southampton on Saturday night, had 150 New Yorkers upon the passenger list. General Nelson A. Miles and Lieutenant Sherman Miles of the United States army were among the many prominent people fleeing from the terrible heat.

American visitors report that the telegraphic accounts of the scorching heat-wave which has swept over the eastern states is not in the least exaggerated.

Heat was the only cause to which the East Sussex coroner's jury could assign the action of Bertha Locke, lady's maid, employed by the wife of Mr. R. A. Bevan, the banker, who lives at Cuckfield.

The girl was found drowned in a pond on the estate, but no one knew that she had any trouble of any kind.

WIFE OF A FORTNIGHT.

Scotch Lady Who Deserted Her Rhodesian
Husband Must Return on Pain of Divorce.

Married and forsaken in a fortnight was the fate of Mr. Oliver Hardy, a Rhodesian settler.

Through a friend he arranged to marry Janet Jamieson, a Scotch girl, before they had even met.

The lady sailed from Scotland, was married at Bulawayo by a magistrate, and left with her husband for their home at Selukuru.

But because the home was not quite ready, and because Hardy was quiet and reserved, the lady returned to Scotland and wrote a letter signed in her maiden name.

The Bulawayo High Court has ordered Mrs. Hardy to return before November 30, on pain of divorce.

"PROFANE SILENCE."

Girl-Caddies a Useful Check to Golfers
Fluency of Comment.

The possibility of the employment of girls as golf caddies has already aroused some strong expressions of opinion among well-known players.

Tom Morris, the greatest authority on the royal and ancient game in St. Andrews, does not "believe in girls for caddies—not yet in boys."

Braid, the champion, does not "consider caddying suitable for girls"; but Vardon, the ex-champion, and Jack White, another ex-champion, are both in favour of girls being thus employed.

Questioned as to the possibility of girls hearing strong language on the courses, a well-known player said:

"Well, you remember the old 'Punch' story of the American's remark when the golfing parson smashed his club and said nothing—'I guess that's the profane silence I ever heard.'"

"If we have girl caddies these 'profane silences' will probably become the order of the day."

WANTS COMPANY IN THE DOCK.

"Have you got Leslie? He has been doing them all; he has done me," said George Webber when charged with P. O. M. by obtaining a £200 cheque by false pretences. Frauds involving £20,000 are alleged.

As "Leslie" was still at large, a remand on two sureties of £1,000 each was ordered.

LADY'S RECORD SWIM.

Miss Kellerman at Practice Beats
Captain Webb's Time.

NO TRACE OF FATIGUE.

Very quickly has Miss Annette Kellerman, the Australian girl who is to swim the Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy, given a proof of her extraordinary swimming powers by lowering all records for the swim from Dover to Ramsgate.

Miss Kellerman accomplished this arduous task on Saturday, swimming a distance of eighteen miles in four hours and twenty minutes.

When it is remembered that this swim had only been accomplished by three such notable swimmers as the late Captain Webb, who took eight and three-quarter hours (nearly double the time taken by Miss Kellerman); Mr. D. Weidmann, who took six hours; and Mr. Wolfe, of the Amateur Swimming Club, Miss Kellerman's performance is still further enhanced.

Mr. Wolfe, who only a few days before had lowered the previous record by accomplishing the distance in 4 hr. 30 min., accompanied and "paced" Miss Kellerman.

Exceptionally Fast Swimming.

The conditions were perfect when Miss Kellerman entered the water at Dover soon after twelve o'clock. Starting with her favourite double-arm overhead action, the fair swimmer soon showed that the pace was going to be exceptionally fast. Using a graceful side-stroke while eating the sugar sandwiches which were given her every half-hour, Miss Kellerman passed Deal Pier at three o'clock.

Here the intention had been to end the swim, but Miss Kellerman, having done so well, insisted on continuing her journey. Untired by her exertions, she continued travelling at a great pace, and, aided somewhat by a favourable tide, reached Ramsgate at 4.40.

Did Not Feel Cold.

She assured her father that she felt as fresh and warm as when she started, and quite ready for a "square meal." As a rule swimmers have no appetite on concluding a long-distance swim. The temperature of the sea was 64 deg. throughout the journey. This is a remarkable temperature for July, the water rarely being as warm as this until August. It is expected that Mr. Heaton will essay the Channel swim to-morrow, and probably Mr. Burgess, who so favourably impressed experts when swimming with Mr. Holbein last year, will make the attempt during the present week.

GIRL RESCUES DROWNING PLAYMATE.

The advantages of teaching girls to swim while at school has been strongly emphasised by an incident at Westcliff-on-Sea.

While an excursion from Brunswick Church, Whitechapel, was down there a ten-year-old girl named Woodman fell from the breakwater into the sea. Florrie Unwin, a thirteen-year-old girl from Bethnal Green, dived in, and after a struggle succeeded in saving the drowning child.

97 MILES AN HOUR.

Earp Repeats His Wonderful Performance To
Wind Up the Brighton Motor-Car Week.

After four days of very successful racing, Brighton concluded its motor-car meeting on Saturday.

In the Autocar Cup, awarded to the competitor who drove three times over the kilometre in the fastest average time, Earp, the winner of the "Daily Mail" Cup, only ran in the first and third heats, and the event went to A. Lee Guinness, on a 100-h.p. Darracq. His average time for the five-furlong course was 25 sec.

Miss Dorothy Levitt, on an 80-h.p. Napier, finished fourth, with an average speed of 28.45 sec., for the flying kilometre.

Cissac, the French motorcyclist, on a 12-h.p. Peugeot, raced against Hutton on an 120-h.p. Mercedes. It was the most interesting race of the day, and the bicycle was only beaten by 3.5 sec.

After the racing Clifford Earp attempted to lower the world's record of 21.25 sec. for the flying kilometre, but could only equal his previous best (the English record) of 23 sec.

SWIMMER'S WEAK HEART.

Although not an expert swimmer, William James Bennett, of West Hampstead, tried a longer distance than usual in the Heath Pond.

"I am all right," he said, but his companions saw that he was sinking. He was carried out dead. Death was not due to drowning, but to heart failure, and Natural Causes was the verdict at Saturday's inquest.

Six million acres of land in Texas are to be sold on September 1 at a dollar an acre, payable in forty annual instalments.

MISCHIEVOUS BARMAIDS.

Wesleyan Minister Complains That He
Often Has To Go Empty Away.

The barmaid and the juvenile smoker were indicted at the Wesleyan Conference at Bristol on Saturday.

The Rev. A. Bennett stated that he felt that an appeal to the licensing authorities regarding employment of barmaids would be fruitless, and he moved a resolution in the following terms:—

The conference deeply regrets the evil arising from the employment of barmaids in public-houses, and rejoices that public opinion has been aroused and a general desire expressed to abolish this most mischievous custom. The conference earnestly hopes there may be speedy legislation dealing with the subject.

This was carried. The Rev. S. Chadwick, of Leeds, said he had travelled considerably at night, and between midnight and 4 a.m. at great railway centres he had seen girls behind the bars and crowds of young fellows standing talking and drinking, while people who wanted ordinary refreshments were utterly neglected and had to go without.

Could not a suggestion be sent to railway companies calling attention to this, and asking that at night women might not be placed behind the bars?

Mr. Chadwick formally moved a resolution on these lines, and it was adopted.

The Rev. A. Bennett moved, and the conference approved, a resolution deeply regretting the evils arising out of the practice of smoking, and exhorting the workers among the young to exert themselves towards the suppression of this habit among the boys.

SMUGGLERS' CAVES.

Right of Way Dispute Recalls the Romantic
Days of Long Ago.

The old romantic days when smugglers and Customs officers were sworn enemies in Cornwall were recalled in the promisc precincts of the Chancery Division on Saturday.

Mr. Behrens, who bought land at St. Hilary, including the King's Cove and Pixie's Cove, once used by the intrepid smugglers of past ages, and now an attraction to sightseers, sought to gain an injunction against certain local fishermen, who, when they had a good catch, used a track across his property.

Across this Mr. Behrens had erected obstacles, which the residents removed amid scenes provocative of keen local feeling.

After hearing many witnesses Justice Buckley reserved judgment.

"FIGHTING MAC."

Striking Memorial Erected Over the Grave of
the Distinguished Soldier.

A monument has been erected over the grave of the late General Sir Hector Macdonald in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh.

It has been raised by public subscription, and takes the form of an obelisk.

In front is a pedestal with a bronze bust of Sir Hector in the uniform of an aide-de-camp to the King and wearing his military orders.

Below is a record of the engagements in which the dead soldier fought with such distinction—a list which Lord Roberts assisted to compile. The memorial was visited by thousands yesterday.

COLONEL SUFFOCATED.

Found Dead Beside His Unconscious Wife in
His Bedroom.

Lieut.-Colonel Oswald Barton Feilden and his wife, who returned from their summer holidays at Hastings last Friday night, retired to bed at their Lifford home shortly before ten o'clock.

On Saturday morning the housemaid went to call them, but received no answer. On going into the room she found the colonel dead on the bed, and his wife unconscious on the floor.

There was a strong smell of gas, and, on examination, it was found that the jet near the fireplace was full on. Colonel Feilden, it is presumed, put down a portmanteau by the side of the jet, which was formerly connected with the gas stove, and thus accidentally turned on the tap.

Colonel Feilden, who was seventy-three years of age, formerly belonged to the Seaforth Highlanders.

His wife was still in a critical condition yesterday.

R.A. HURT IN A CAB ACCIDENT.

Thrown from a cab in Regent-street on Saturday, Mr. J. MacWhirter, R.A., the well-known artist, broke his leg.

He was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, where he was yesterday reported to be making satisfactory progress. He is sixty-five years of age.

THE KING'S VISIT TO BISLEY CAMP.

Winner of the King's Prize Presented to His Majesty.

'MIRROR' PRIZE-WINNERS

King Edward visited Bisley Camp on Saturday and watched Armourer-Sergeant A. J. Comber win the King's Prize. His Majesty also saw the automatic rifles competing for the *Daily Mirror* prizes.

It was just two o'clock when the King, looking bronzed and well, and who was accompanied by the Duke of Sparta and attended by Colonel Davidson, arrived at the camp.

After inspecting the guard of honour, furnished by the King's Own Royal Lancashire Regiment, his Majesty drove to the N.R.A. headquarters for lunch, and then proceeded to the firing lines at Stickle-down Butts, where the final stage, 1,000 yards, of the King's Prize was being shot off.

At this point four marksmen—Sergeant Comber (2nd V.B. East Surrey), Captain Davies (1st Middlesex), Sergeant Green (1st Dorset), and Lieutenant Ranken—were keenly contesting for the biggest shooting honour in the world.

The result of each shot was breathlessly watched, his Majesty seeming to share in the excitement, as, with field-glasses constantly at his eyes, he gazed at the targets.

Sergeant Comber, by putting on five bulls, scored a total of 315, and so defeated Sergeant Fulton, of Queen's Westminster, and Private Hooton, 2nd Liverpool, by two points.

A scene of indescribable enthusiasm followed when the result was known, and Sergeant Comber was "chaired" round the camp.

King's Prize-man and His Majesty.

His Majesty shook hands with the victor, and warmly congratulated him. Later in the day the King handed Sergeant Comber the gold medal.

The winner is a short, thick-set man, with bronzed face, black moustache, and keen eyes. He is a stonemason, and a life-long abstainer.

He is thirty-eight years of age, and has for eighteen years been a member of the 2nd V.B. East Surrey Regiment.

On his return from South Africa in 1901 Sergeant Comber won the silver medal.

Throughout the day the range where the *Daily Mirror* competition was being held was crowded with spectators and competitors. Extraordinary interest had been aroused owing to the fact that pairs of competitors armed with service rifles or single competitors armed with automatic rifles contested.

Two automatic guns were entered—the West-Ashton and the Hallé, though neither succeeded in winning a prize.

The winners of the *Daily Mirror* competition were:—

FIRST PRIZE, £24 (service rifles).....	Score.
Sergeant Major Wallingford,	
Quartermaster-Sergeant Robinson	28
SECOND PRIZE, £16 (service rifles).....	
Captain Litch,	
Captain Lynch Staunton	24
THIRD PRIZE, £10 (service rifles).....	
Private Snellgrove,	
Private Wilson	23

None but the very pick of Army, Navy, and Volunteer marksmen had entered, the others recognising that they had no chance against a weapon which has fired forty-one rounds and registered thirty-seven hits in one minute.

Sixty-three competitors fired a total of 1,600 rounds of ammunition in the *Daily Mirror* competition.

"A most sporting competition," said a well-known Bisley marksman. "The conditions are excellent, and the fact that the targets are heads and shoulders, appearing and disappearing, gives most valuable results. In my opinion, the automatic gun is about equal to 13 service rifles; and when a few defects have been remedied it will be more than a match for two service rifles."

"Of course, when I speak of men I refer only to highly-trained shots, for no two ordinary men could possibly compete even now with the automatic. There is a great future for the new weapon, and it has come to stay."

The King, accompanied by the Duke of Sparta, arrived at the *Daily Mirror* range as the Hallé and West-Ashton automatic rifles were being fired, and his Majesty closely watched the results of the firing through field-glasses.

DUMB MAN SHOUTS.

"How are we to get anything out of him?" asked the Bangor magistrate, before whom appeared a Bethesda man, supposed to be dumb.

"I am charged with being drunk," cried the man, in a loud, piercing voice. He then denied the charge, and was remanded.

Important Army Corps manoeuvres, under General Sir John French, will be carried out in South Buckinghamshire, with High Wycombe as a centre, during the last week in September.

VICAR AND PUBLICAN.

Curious Situation in a Midland Town Explained by the Clergyman.

Gladys, I am sorry to say, is not eligible because coming from a public-house.

That was what Miss Hill, superintendent of St. Peter's, Derby, Bible-class, wrote to the landlady of a hotel in that town—and Gladys had to cease attending the Bible-class.

The vicar of St. Peter's, the Rev. J. E. Matthews, was appealed to, and said that as the child had attended the class for five months she should have been left alone, but he added that he thought it was a mistake for her to join the class in the first instance. This aroused a great deal of indignation.

Feeling confident that there must be another side to the case, the *Daily Mirror* asked Mr. Matthews, who is in Switzerland, for a further statement, which came to hand yesterday.

In this the vicar explains the matter thus:—

The Vicarage bible-class was intended, not for the public generally, but (as announced at first) for children of the upper classes, whose opportunities for religious instruction seemed fewer than those provided for others; not as a substitute for the Sunday-school, but as a supplement to it.

The only question with reference to any children seeking admission is: Do they come within the scope of the Vicar's class? To the majority of my parishioners the Sunday-school and parochial bible-classes offer all the scripture-teaching they can reasonably expect. The same truth is taught whether at Vicarage, parish rooms, or Sunday-school, but in different surroundings.

The members of the Vicarage class I regard as my guests.

This certainly puts rather a different complexion on the case, though many people may think a class which sets up social distinctions of this kind is hardly in keeping with the teaching of Christianity.

DEVEREUX'S HEALTH.

Distinguished Specialists Say He Is Suffering from Incipient General Paralysis.

According to present arrangements Mr. Justice Ridley will open at the Old Bailey, on Wednesday, the trial of Devereux, the man who is charged with the murder of his wife and his twin children.

Some remarkable developments are expected in consequence of the inquiries of the medical experts into the mental condition of the accused.

Whilst certain specialists hold that Devereux is feigning insanity, Dr. Forbes Winslow, the eminent physician, Dr. Talbot MacCarthy, and Dr. Armstrong are agreed that the man is suffering from incipient paralysis.

Dr. Winslow states that certain symptoms manifested could not be feigned. Devereux's mind, he says, appears to be a complete blank from the early days of May.

LOCKED IN HER ROOM.

Typist Who Lost Her Breach of Promise Action Found Nearly Dead.

A dramatic sequel to the breach of promise action in which Mrs. Emily Prevost, a typewriter, failed to secure damages from Mr. Sidney Wood in the London Law Courts has been reported.

Mrs. Prevost has been admitted to the St. George's Hospital suffering from laudanum poisoning.

She seems to have returned from the trial in a very excited condition, and, as she said she wanted to throw herself into the river, the people with whom she was staying kept her locked in her room.

She afterwards was seen drinking something from a little blue bottle, and then fell limp upon the floor. She was conveyed to the hospital, where she is reported to be making good progress towards recovery.

"TODD FAMILY AT THE SEASIDE."

"The Todd Family at the Seaside" is the title of the story in No. 1 of Fannie Eden's Penny Stories, which will be on sale at all newsagents next Saturday, July 29.

The adventures of the Todd Family will be found most entertaining, and we are sure thousands of readers will follow their doings at the seaside with interest.

UNHAPPY LITTLE "JOHN MILTON."

Found abandoned in the grounds of Milton Vicarage last year, a baby was taken to Eastney Workhouse and christened "John Milton."

A girl of seventeen had given birth to an infant at a house near, and Charlotte Bragdeman, said to be the elderly woman who attended her, was remanded on bail at Portsmouth on Saturday for abandoning it.

"TAXAMETER" CABS.

Are They About To Invade the Streets of London?

NO QUARRELS OVER FARES

Are we to have the "taximeter" cab of Paris on the streets in London? It is reported that the associations representing both the cab proprietors and the cabmen of London are about to consider the introduction of these vehicles, which have so far been rather frowned on by the members of this very conservative calling.

The cab proprietors have already appointed delegates to visit Paris and Berlin and report on the working of the system. Reports from both capitals are entirely favourable, and it is said that the taximeter creates a new class of customer.

The taximeter is, of course, a kind of cyclo-meter attached to the cab. It usually registers, however, in money, and not in mileage. Suppose, for example, one takes a cab from Liverpool-street to Hyde Park Corner. As soon as he enters the cab the dial marks the minimum fare 1s. At the Bank it changes to 1s. 2d., at Ludgate-circus to 1s. 4d., at Wellington-street to 1s. 6d., and so on. Suppose the whole fare, for argument's sake, works out at 2s. One pays that, and 6d. extra to the cabman, and goes on one's way rejoicing, without the squabble that is pretty sure to arise under the present circumstances.

Popular in Paris.

In Paris—a city where imposition is more rife perhaps than in London—the taximeter is a very popular institution. The cabman who is given an extra franc over and above the fare shown in the taximeter is much more polite and grateful than the man who gets two francs handed him merely for the sake of peace and quietness.

There are, however, two sides to the question. An Englishman just returned from Paris told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he had been robbed by his driver.

"If I went into a shop," he avowed, "the driver used to turn the wheel round and run up a couple of miles on my fare whilst I was choosing a necktie. It was no good arguing, the driver simply pointed to the amount registered by the machine and I had to pay."

"LEAVE THE COURT!"

Coroner's Severe Rebuke to a Doctor Whom a Juryman Called "Most Eccentric."

"It is the worst post-mortem I have ever heard described. Leave the court," said Dr. Guthrie, at the Hackney Coroner's Court to Dr. John Wilkie, who had examined the body of a labourer who died after falling from a scaffold.

Dr. Wilkie stated that when he was called he found the man with his back against a wall, and his head buried on his chest. He was dead, but the body was still warm, though whether this was due to the sun he could not say.

Dr. Wilkie could not swear that the body he made the subsequent post-mortem on was the same, for on the first occasion he did not see the dead man's face.

When asked by the Coroner to examine the internal organs of the deceased Dr. Wilkie refused. "He is a most eccentric doctor," remarked a juryman.

It having been shown that the body was that of the labourer who fell from the scaffold, a verdict of Accidental death was returned.

AGILE LONDON FIREMEN.

Thirty Thousand People Witness the Brigade's Display in Victoria Park.

Nearly thirty thousand people gathered in Victoria Park on Saturday to watch the annual display of the London Fire Brigade.

"It gives you a sense of comfort to know there are such heroes ready to help you if anything happens," said Mr. Cornwall, chairman of the London County Council, during the presentations to the men.

After the presentations the firemen gave a grand display. Horses fell out of their harness and in again in a second, and men were one moment bunched on a horse fire-escape and the next half-way up the wooden tower erected on the parade ground.

Last year the Fire Brigade cost £248,000. The latest figures to hand for New York were £1,150,000, with a population only half that of London.

HAYMAKER AT NINETY.

Amongst those who have been making hay at Hartland (Devon) was an old lady in her ninetieth year.

She entered into the work with such zest that her friends were obliged to request her to curb her enthusiasm.

SCARED BY "WITCHES."

Cornish Woman Sells Her Bedding to Propitiate Fortune Tellers.

Terrified by the supernatural powers she believed her persecutors possessed, a superstitious Cornish-woman has been deprived of every penny she had. She had even parted with her quilts and sheets to satisfy the "witches."

Her tormentors were an elderly woman and her two daughters, who were tried at Penzance on Saturday. Their victim, a young woman, told the justices that these three prisoners had told her that they would "work the planets" for her. So she paid them various small sums.

Then they threatened her that if she did not pay them more her child would die. They called at her house with various threats of terrible things that would happen if she did not keep them supplied with money, and she gradually parted with all she had—a sum of nearly fifty pounds.

Even this did not satisfy the fortune-tellers, and they so worked upon the superstitious fears of the ignorant woman that after all her money had gone she parted with her quilts, sheets, and tablecloths to avert the evils with which they threatened her.

The mother and one of the daughters were each sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and the other daughter was fined £2.

GIANT AIRSHIP'S FLIGHT.

Dr. Barton's Vessel Drifts from North London to Romford.

Fully fifteen thousand people gathered at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday to watch the ascent of the giant Barton-Rawson airship.

Scores of willing hands helped to pull, push, and coax the enormous machine, with its gas envelope 180ft. long, and its car 127ft. long, out of its shed.

Then the aeronauts ascended into the air. Dr. Barton kissed his little son, who had climbed with him, and the lad went down and took the hand of his mother, who was standing close by. Then the two watched the ascent of the aeronaut and his three companions.

At a quarter-past five the order was given to "Let go!" and the vast "ship" rose gracefully into the air, just clearing the tops of the trees.

But the wind was too strong for the ship. It turned under the influence of its rudder and motors, but it could not beat up against the wind and was borne off towards the east.

After a sail of almost exactly an hour the airship landed safe and sound at Romford.

FROM GREEK TO SCRUBBING.

Workhouse Inmate Who Had Seen Better Days Meets with a Tragic Fate.

After teaching the dead languages, Frederick Charles Allen, fifty-five, was obliged to turn his hand to scrubbing walls.

A man of good family, but ruined by drink, he sought refuge in St. Pancras Workhouse. His table-scrubbing efforts failed to please the overseer.

"I shall not do them any better," he said. But the man in charge took him by the arm to indicate the proper way. Allen then fell over the rail of water and fractured his thigh. At Saturday's inquest the verdict was one of Accidental Death.

HIS LAST MESSAGE.

Photographic Farewell Which Reached a Wife in the Midst of a Long Journey.

"Our love and thoughts will ever be with you," was the last message Mr. R. E. Knipe sent to his wife on the back of a photograph of himself and little daughter.

The lady was then at Port Said on her way to contract urgent business in Australia. She returned to London a month ago to find her husband missing.

Mr. Knipe was described to the Bow-street magistrate on Saturday—six feet high, thirty-four years old, pale blue eyes, and dark hair. The little girl is tall, with blue eyes and curly hair.

The solicitors who are assisting Mrs. Knipe in her search could assign no reason for the disappearance. Their client is wealthy.

NO. 1 of the BRIGHT,
NEW STORY-PAPER—

"FANNIE EDEN'S PENNY STORIES"

READY NEXT SATURDAY.

ORDER IT TO-DAY.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

Shoals of Letters Pour Into "Daily Mirror" Office by Every Post.

ALL SORTS OF VIEWS.

The *Daily Mirror* has abundant proof all day long of the interest aroused by the correspondence on seaside flirtations. Large bundles of letters on the subject arrive by every post. Only a small percentage of them can be published. The following represent as many sides of the question as possible:—

HOW IT STRIKES A FOREIGNER.

Although a foreigner, I have spent close on thirty years—more than half of my life—in England, and I think I am entitled to give my opinion on the "Summer Girl."

The letter from "A Would-be Admirer of Women" is quite correct; behaviour of such a kind as mentioned by your various correspondents would certainly not be tolerated in the States or on the Continent.

During my three weeks' stay on the South Coast I have seen most disgraceful behaviour of girls—I may say children, as some of them could not have been more than fourteen or fifteen—at various piers, particularly at Southsea, Cowes, Ryde, and Brighton.

My wife—a thorough Englishwoman, who has travelled with me all over the Continent—can bear me out that the "fast" girl (she says "immoral," a strong word, but nevertheless true) can only be found in England.

Let any of your readers visit, for instance, Southsea Pier between 9 and 11 p.m., and he will find and see more than he likes to see.

What surprises me is that parents allow their daughters to parade the piers of an evening. They must be blind.

SHOCKED.

HALF A DOZEN TIMES ENGAGED.

I am married now, but as a girl I had no doubt the character of a flirt, which is generally given to any girl who makes herself agreeable to men.

I was engaged half a dozen times or more, generally after a few weeks' (sometimes a few days') acquaintance; my misfortune was that I did not know my own mind. In each case after, after a longer or shorter period, I brought the engagement to an end.

No doubt your correspondents (male or otherwise) will say I was very disgraceful and the men will rid of me. My only answer is that, though now married, I am still the best of friends with all the men I was engaged to.

A SO-CALLED FLIRT.

FOR LACK OF INTRODUCTION.

"Violet" may have an immaculate husband and brother, real exceptions, but I should say she has not had much knowledge of other men.

Would she or any girl like to think that while courting her a man had to go to other girls for kisses, for men cannot live without kissing?

I would rather the man who courted me kissed me fifty times a day before, as well as after, he proposed, than kiss another girl once a week.

As regards "vulgar seaside flirtations," if "Violet" had ever enjoyed one she might know that on a crowded beach, or strolling along the pier, one meets many nice men whom one would like to know, and if there be no third person to accord an introduction, what harm is done by the man introducing himself?

MADGE.

Hampstead.

ONLY HUMAN NATURE.

Flirting is only human, and no matter where we may be, whether in town or country, or down by the silvery sea, this weakness will predominate.

And it is just the same with girls, who are always good at the game. They are so fond of fairy tales, told over and over again.

ERNEST COULSON.

67, Silverthorne-road, S.W.

A GOOD INFLUENCE.

Most of the "Summer Girls" I have met have been very fair specimens of "proper and well-conducted" young women, open, perhaps, to a little flirtation without exceeding the limit, and generally able to converse on topics of the day.

They influence young men for good, I am sure. The hours spent in their company are far better spent than if they were wasted at the card or billiard table.

ORDNANCE.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY.

I consider there is no more harm in a seaside flirtation than there is in sitting out dances at a ball.

All a girl need remember is to treat these attentions lightly and not to take them seriously.

ERICA.

INCREDIBLE.

I cannot imagine any English ladies behaving in the manner described by "The Summer Girls"; neither do I credit English gentlemen with such vulgarity. Of course, one cannot answer for "aliens"!

Alsager.

GERTRUDE M. CRAIG.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Queen Alexandra has presented the Leeds College of Music with a life-size portrait of herself bearing her Majesty's autograph.

Harvest operations are in full swing in Berkshire. Many acres of oats have already been garnered.

Out of 2,967 calls received by the London Fire Brigade last year, ninety-five were the work of malicious practical jokers.

A serious accident occurred during the obstacle race at the conclusion of the programme of athletic sports of the Guards at Burton's Court, Chelsea.

Policemen disguised as fishermen entered a hotel at Knottingly, with the result that on Saturday the landlord was fined for keeping open during prohibited hours.

With a view to the promotion of temperance principles, the Camberwell Borough Council have decided to placard their advertisement hoardings with posters calling attention to the evils of alcoholic drink.

Operatives engaged in the rivet trade in Staffordshire and North Worcestershire on Saturday gave fourteen days' notice claiming an advance of 15 per cent. in wages. Unless their demands are conceded the men threaten to strike.

In all innocence a Hensworth woman declared at Pontefract on Saturday that she took a police court summons to be a picture postcard, and had had it framed and hung in her house.

For being intoxicated as a result of drinking home-made wine, a man named George Church was fined at Northampton on Saturday.

Acting on suggestions from the Hairdressers' Guild, certificates of suitability of premises are now being given to barbers and hairdressers who apply to the Poplar sanitary authorities.

To-day is the last day upon which signatures to the petition for the reprieve of Miss Florence Doughty may be received at either 343, Edgware-road, W., or 65, Fore-street, E.C.

At Pyle, near Porthcawl, several railway coaches jumped the metals on Saturday. The branch line was blocked for four hours and a thousand passengers kept waiting on the Porthcawl sidings until half-past eleven. No one was injured.

In the belief that his son had stolen some peas from a stall, a Gainsborough father gave the boy a sound thrashing. Then he discovered that the younger son was the culprit, and sat down and cried because he had castigated the wrong one. He was fined five shillings for punishing the elder boy with undue severity.

ROYAL SPECTATOR AT BISLEY ON SATURDAY.



King Edward watching the targets at Bisley during the last stage of the contest for the King's Prize.

Whilst bathing at Mundesley (Norfolk) on Saturday, W. Jones, employed at a Norwich motor engineering works, got into difficulties, and was drowned.

One of the rules adopted by the Llandudno Urban Council for the regulation of mixed bathing is: "Men shall not be allowed to use the same bathing machine as ladies and girls."

Mount St. Bernard Monastery, on the borders of Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, has been burgled. An entrance to Father Bernard's room was obtained, and about £50 in money and a gold watch and chain were carried off.

From the inauguration of the London County Council Thames steamboat service to July 15 (four weeks), no fewer than 913,558 passengers were carried on the steamers, whilst 49,768 circular tickets, by boat and tram, were issued. The revenue was £27,450.

Wymondham (Norfolk) Parish Council unsuccessfully sued the Great Eastern Railway Company at Wymondham County Court on Saturday for £40 damages to trees in the local cemetery, alleged to have been caused by sparks from the company's engines, which set the foliage ablaze.

Objection was taken by a lawyer at Halifax to the chief constable appearing for the police in a case on the ground that he was not a solicitor. After consultation the Bench decided to hear the chief constable, but promised to have the question discussed.

Mosquitoes, which are supposed to have been brought up the waterway in timber boats from foreign countries, are making an unwelcome appearance in various villages bordering the Manchester Ship Canal between Accrington and Manchester.

Edinburgh University on Saturday conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador, and upon nine distinguished medical men who have been attending the fourth centenary celebrations of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Every effort is being made in the Tenterden (Kent) district to secure as many signatures as possible to a petition for the reprieve of Benali the Algerian now under sentence of death for the murder at Tenterden of his compatriot, Hadjou Idder. Unless a reprieve is granted Benali will be hanged on August 1.

DISASTROUS MUSICAL SEASON.

Failures Everywhere Except at Covent Garden.

THE OPERA'S TRIUMPH.

Covent Garden Opera ends to-morrow night, and with it the musical season of 1905.

It may be summed up in two sentences. At Covent Garden it has been a "best on record"—for the rest a melancholy list of failure and disappointment.

Up to the very last Covent Garden is doing well, in spite of the heat, in spite of everything. The final performance have been attracting packed houses. All sorts for to-night's "Madame Butterfly" are sold, as they are pretty certain to be also for to-morrow night's "La Bohème," when, with Melba and Caruso both singing, the season ends in a blaze of triumph.

Nothing very new (with the exception of "Madama Butterfly") has been given. The feature of the season has been the excellent artistic level of the performances. The orchestra has been unusually good, and Caruso has sung at the very top of his form.

Some of the newcomers have made great hits. Mlle. Donalds, the young Canadian soprano, has achieved extraordinary success. At the beginning of the season she was singing small parts. The end has found her singing Marguerite, Juliette, and other leading rôles. She is engaged for the next two seasons.

Frau Wittich in Wagnerian rôles made a great impression upon the "perfect Wagnerites."

THE WALDORF SEASON.

Mr. Russell's season of Italian opera at the Waldorf was, unfortunately, not exactly a financial success. The performances were good, and some interesting new singers were introduced to London, but Londoners have not yet got used to the Waldorf, and Covent Garden is still without a serious rival.

The concert season has been almost the worst ever known. The agents have mostly lost money, and several have been hit so hard that they talk of retiring from the business.

The private engagements, to which most artists now look for the bigger half of their income, have been very small in number this season. Even artists like Melba, Caruso, and Kubelik, have not found so many social engagements this year for which their usual big fees could be obtained.

The best paying music nowadays is orchestral. Symphony concerts are undoubtedly the most popular form of musical entertainment for the ordinary run of musical amateurs in London.

MR. KIPLING'S LATEST.

Halting and Cryptic Verses About Lord Milner Appear in the "Times."

What is the matter with Mr. Rudyard Kipling? He broke a long silence on Saturday with a poem about Lord Milner which read like an effusion of Mr. Alfred Austin's, almost at his worst.

The verses are called "The Pro-Consuls," and in Government offices (where our chief literary critics do a little work for a lot of pay) are believed to be in praise of the men who do the Empire's work in far-off lands. This is the kind of thing Mr. Kipling thinks they do:—

Through the night when hirelings rest,
Sleepless, they arise, alone,
The unsleeping arch to rest
And the o'er-trusted corner-stone,
'Gainst the need, they know, that lies
Hid behind the centuries.

It sounds exactly like an imitation of the Poet Laureate. If it be that, however, it is too much of a parody. Even Mr. Austin has an ear about rhyming "raise" and "place," and of dropping his accents about at random, like this:—

Lesser men feign greater goals,
Failing where-of they may sit
Scholarly to judge the souls
That go down into the pit
And, despite its certain lay,
Have a new world towards the day.

Mr. Kipling's Muse is clearly on a holiday. He should keep to prose till she comes back.

The London Stock Exchange was closed on Saturday.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, JULY 24, 1905.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.

WHAT is the best kind of holiday? That is the question which beats every other for interest just now—even that question to which Mr. Balfour is to supply the answer in the House of Commons to-day.

In the abstract there is no "best kind." In holidays, as in most other things, one man's meat is another man's poison. If A went on B's walking-tour he would grumble all the way, while if B were condemned to sit on the beach all day with A, doing nothing, he would grow fat and liverish and wish he had never been born.

There is one thing, however, which every kind of holiday ought to do, and that is to leave a stock of happy memories behind it. I read a little poem in an American magazine the other day which prettily illustrates what I mean:—

He sits at his desk from year to year
In the riotous city's roar,
The mind of him dwelling on pages drear,
While out through its mystic door
The soul of him, slipping its gyves of fear,
Goes roaming the wide world o'er!

In summer, the mind of him dwells in books
Of endless figures and bills;
The soul of him dwells in restful nooks
In fields and by crooning rills,
And follows the winding way of brooks
To the cool, deep lake in the hills.

The mind of him balances loss and gain
When the rigour of winter is;
The soul of him leaps at a bound the main
And wanders through stately halls,
Through dim cathedral and palace and fane,
Wherever its free voice calls.

Of course, it wouldn't do to let one's mind dwell on the beautiful places one has seen to the detriment of one's work. After a holiday work ought to be done with the keenest zest. But it is quite possible to combine energetic industry with a vivid recollection of holiday joys—a recollection which makes life fuller and more interesting and better worth living altogether. That is the ideal to aim at.

So many people go year after year to the same place, just because it saves them the trouble of thinking about other places. That is a second ingredient to the ideal holiday—that it must not be embarked upon mechanically. Half the pleasure lies in discussing where to go and anticipating the novelty and freshness of what you are going to see and do.

If there is still a third necessary element to the "best kind" of holiday, it is surely that we should, before we start, have done something towards giving others a little of that good time we mean to have ourselves. Think before you set off for the moors or the seaside or the Continent of the thousands of wistful little faces in mean streets, looking out every day to see if the "holiday lady" is coming to them.

The Children's Country Holidays Fund gives poor little Londoners a whole fortnight in fresh air and in pleasant, quiet surroundings as different as possible from their own. To many of them it means the difference between a cheerful, healthy life all the rest of the year and a miserable, peaky, mere existence. And it only costs ten shillings for each child.

Unto how many pairs of anxious, wondering eyes are you going to bring a happy smile this year? You can spare enough for one pair at the very least. Don't put it off. Sit down now and send your mite to 18, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

Be sure it will bring delight enough to a mile of another kind to reward you a thousand-fold.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The more you are talked about the less powerful you are.—*Disraeli*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Duke of Richmond has already left town for Goodwood, where he has gone to make everything ready for the visit of the King and Queen, who will be his guests this year. Last year it may be remembered that, owing to his mourning for the late Duke of Richmond, he was himself unable to entertain, and therefore placed Goodwood House at his Majesty's disposal, and the King and Queen entertained quite a number of their personal friends there. It is said that on this occasion no fewer than seventy of the royal servants were taken to Goodwood House for the race week, and everything was done in the best possible style.

To-night will witness the last performance of "Madame Butterfly," at Covent Garden, and it is expected that the King and Queen will again be present, for their Majesties have taken the greatest interest in this delightful opera, the Queen having attended every performance. It is extraordinary how popular this opera has become in a few representations, for, when it was first given in Italy, it was very nearly hissed off the stage, and

who is to preside this afternoon at the meeting of the East India Association at Caxton Hall. It was he who, as Chief Political Officer in Afghanistan, negotiated the whole of the arrangements with Abdur Rahman, which ended with the latter's acknowledgment by us as Ameer. His knowledge of Eastern ways is unrivalled, and some of the stories he has to tell about those whom he has governed are most amusing. When Queen Victoria was formally proclaimed Empress of India it was Sir Lepel's duty to make all arrangements for the ceremonial.

A splendid spectacle it was, with princes mounted on gorgeously-covered elephants, and the strange half-barbaric music of native players. It was difficult, however, to prevent some of the representatives of wilder tribes from quarrelling with the more civilised rajahs, whom they probably considered effeminate. An awkward mistake, too, was made by one of the chiefs, who distributed some gifts on behalf of our Government, and forgot to indicate the use of the cakes of Pears' Soap which formed part of these. It was afterwards

microbes, and parasites which is only observable through the microscope. It was noticed that he soon began to apply his parties with a constrained expression on his countenance, and also that his usually faultless trousers were less well cut than before. When he shook hands with anyone, too, he was observed to withdraw his hand rapidly and to plunge it into his trouser pocket. Searching questions were put to him, and it was discovered that he had had his parties lined with India-rubber, and that in them he kept a disinfectant of great strength, so that he might give his hand a bath in it after each contact with the possibly diseased hand of his neighbour.

The Duke of Devonshire, who celebrated his seventy-second birthday yesterday, is certainly one of the "old-young men" in contemporary society. He seems to have become more interested in life and less somnambulistic since his resignation, and now enjoys himself in a more careless spirit than of old. I have noticed, however, that the Duke's public pronouncements are no less guarded than heretofore. Not long ago, he addressed some of the farmers near Chatsworth, and in the course of his speech remarked that the King would probably soon pay another of the visits to Chatsworth "which, he believed, might say, afforded them not inconsiderable pleasure."

That was certainly not going too far, and such a qualified method of expression reminds one of Mr. Gladstone's: "It is in every man's power to rear poultry, and, if I may say so, from eggs." The Duke of Devonshire used to be very amusing sometimes, so it is said, at Cabinet meetings. People were forever asking him to do work which he considered far from his province. "Hartington must do that," Mr. Gladstone would say. "Can't possibly," would be the reply, "quite out of my line."

The illness of the well-known journalist and novelist, Mr. David Christie Murray, is causing his relatives a great deal of anxiety. Mr. Murray's pluck and intelligence have won him many friends in the world of letters. He did not begin writing, all the same, under very favourable auspices. He was not given the "liberal education" which is generally supposed to widen people's minds, but so often only elongates their conversation; but, after learning to read and to write, was sent into the world for a living.

Stories are told which seem to imply that Mr. Murray has not the military disposition. He served once for a whole year in the 4th Dragoon Guards, and spent the greater part of that time under restraint because of his perpetual insubordination. It is said that his major once summoned him to appear and answer for some small offence, "Stand to attention, man," said the officer, curtly. Mr. Murray took offence at the term "man," and he promptly told the major to withdraw to the lower regions. The result was a court-martial and a month's imprisonment.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Sultan of Turkey.

OF all the monarchs in Europe he is certainly the one who, with the exception of the Tsar, has the most uneasy life of power. He has been the "sick man" of international politics for so long that some of his subjects have evidently become convinced that he ought to be cured of illness by the summary methods of assassination.

It is said that his life has become at last a night of suspicion. He is afraid of darkness, afraid of sleep, and of the silent figures of slaves who stand in the corners of his palace. He only manages to forget the delights of being a king for two or three hours out of every twenty-four, and even when he lies down to rest he must have music playing, voices in the room with him, his foster-brother, Ismet Bey, sleeping near—anything but suspected silence and the dark.

Now that another attempt has been made upon his life, these terrors will be trebled for the "sick man."

Already he lives in almost complete seclusion, and spends the day roaming about his apartments rather aimlessly, with the eternal cigarette between his lips. His meals are served to him in sealed dishes; he breaks the seals himself, and thus assures himself that no one can have tampered with them on their way from the kitchen to his room.

Like an old Roman Emperor—Caligula or Nero, though far less powerful than they—he is the genius of suspicion, and is one of the men of the moment whom no one would think of envying.

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 23.—At this season, when the year (though we speak it in whispers) is "getting on," we must be careful to let no sign of decay spoil the beauty of our gardens. Faded blooms should be persistently removed from perennials, annuals, and bedding-plants. Many flowers will bear carefully supporting, while the too-luxuriant growth of some must be thinned out to prevent weaker subjects being harmed.

To-day crimson and white ramblers are still brilliant pictures. E. F. T.

THE PLEASURES OF ANTICIPATION.



Whatever Mr. Balfour may say to-day, the Opposition have made up their minds that there will be a general election in the autumn, and that they will come into office. They are fancying themselves in their new posts already.

Signor Puccini was in despair at the reception of what he considered his best work.

Everybody will be glad to hear that Lord Charlemont is now very nearly well after his recent severe illness. He has an extraordinarily tough constitution, and has made a wonderful recovery for a man past seventy years of age. Lord Charlemont had the honour of holding the post of Comptroller of the Viceroyal Court at Dublin from 1868 to 1895. I believe that was a record period of office, and Lord Charlemont became so popular in Ireland that there was much grumbling and discontent when at last, in 1895, he was not reappointed to his post. He comes of a famous old fighting family—the Caulfields—and one of his ancestors, Sir Toby Caulfield, helped to drive the Armada from the English coast.

Lord Charlemont can number a good many other interesting people amongst his ancestors. One of the most attractive of them all was the Miss Elizabeth Somerville, who married the third Earl of Charlemont, and died in 1832. She was well known in society, both as a reciter and also as a maker of witty and rather naughty bons mots. She had a remarkable genius for apt quotation, and once confessed that whenever she made a risky remark she always introduced it by saying: "As Dr. Watts touchingly observes," so that poor dead Dr. Watts, mild and evangelical, began to acquire a rather dubious reputation.

One of the greatest living authorities on all matters connected with India is Sir Lepel Griffin,

discovered that the natives had politely eaten this soap, under the impression that it was a dainty supplied by the Great White Queen.

Sir Cuthbert Quilter was absent from the House of Commons the other night when the Government were defeated owing to the death of his brother, Mr. Edward Quilter, whose funeral will take place on Monday next at Brompton Church, near Ipswich. Mr. Edward Quilter was at one time one of the keenest yachtsmen of the day, and those people who can remember the racing 10-tonners which used to afford such sport in the yachting world will call to mind the success of his pretty boat Lily, which he generally sailed himself.

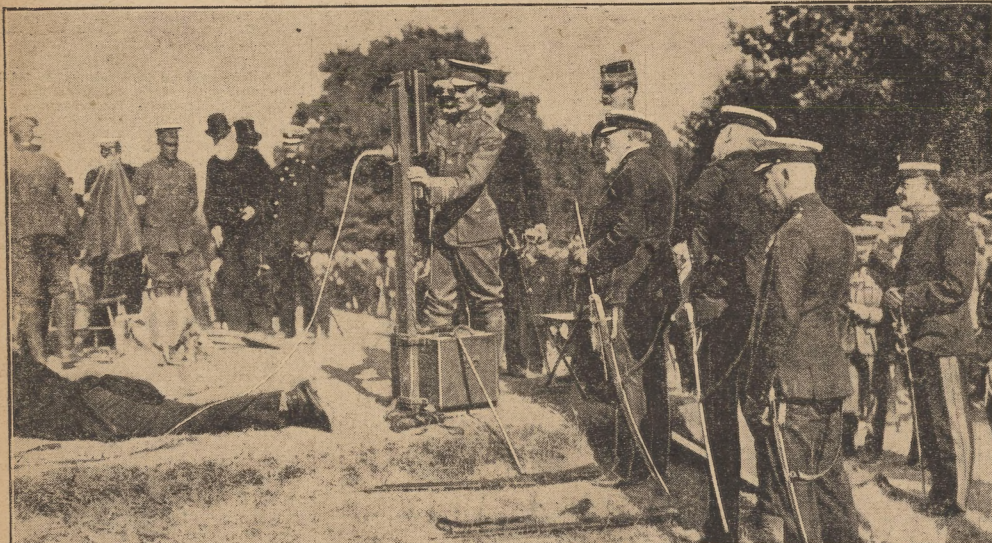
The anxious talk which has been going on about the danger of door knobs since the "Lancet" proclaimed their power to spread disease was amusingly ridiculed by Mr. G. R. Sims, who professed, in yesterday's "Referee," to have invented an antiseptic glove which should act as a safeguard against the door knobs. The habit of worrying about infection nowadays can easily become a mania. In one of the volumes of the "Journal des Concorde" an instance is given of this fear of our invisible microbes force which ought to serve as a warning to all nervous people. The story is about a well-known member of French society who used to spend most of his time at balls.

One unlucky day this brilliant person began to "take up" science. He ought to have dropped it again at once, because all he learnt from it was a disordered fear of the world of insects, atoms,



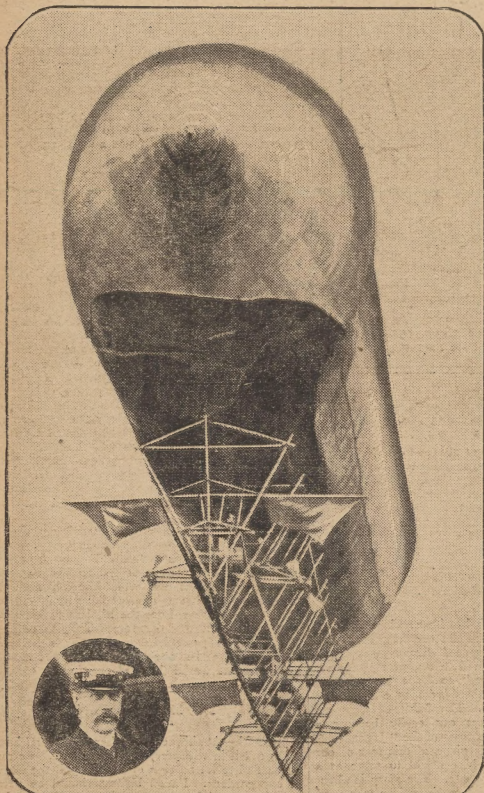
NEWS BY CAMERAS

KING EDWARD AT BISLEY ON SATURDAY.

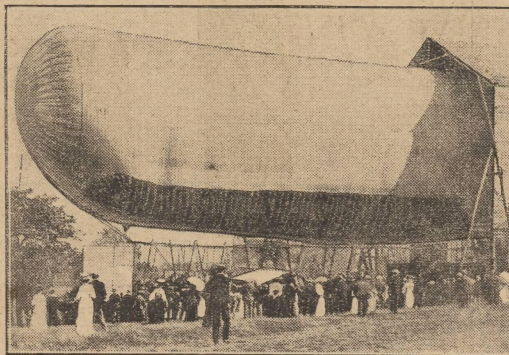


The King watching some experiments with a new patent target. The exact position of the hit is recorded at the firing-point immediately it is made on the target some hundreds of yards away. The use of such a device is obvious, and the King was much interested in the trials.

DR. BARTON'S FLIGHT OVER LONDON ON SATURDAY.



Dr. Barton's immense dirigible balloon in mid-air during its flight from the Alexandra Palace to Romford on Saturday. The trip was a great success, and demonstrated how thoroughly the balloon was under the control of the aeronaut. Dr. Barton, of whom a small portrait is inserted in the photograph, was one of the four occupants of the car of his airship on the occasion.



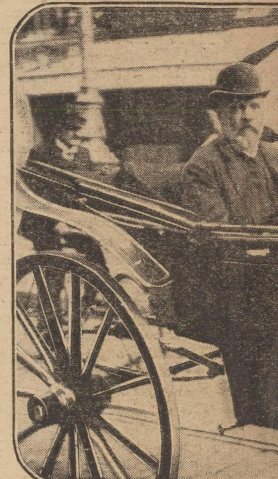
Photograph taken as the great Barton balloon was leaving its shed in the Alexandra Palace grounds, after being inflated. A crowd of 15,000 people gathered to witness the ascent, and Colonel Templer, from Aldershot, was present on behalf of the War Office.

RACING AT 97 MILES AN HOUR.



Mr. Clifford Earp winning the "Daily Mail" Challenge Cup for the fastest kilometre, with a flying start, on the Brighton motor-car track. Mr. Earp drove a six-cylinder Napier car, belonging to Mr. Edge, and covered the distance in 23sec.—equal to ninety-seven miles an hour.

RUSSIAN PEACE PL



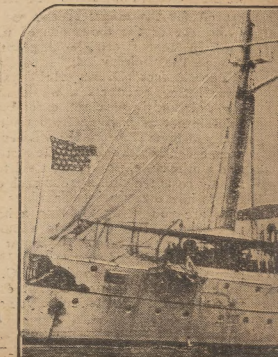
Mr. Witte, who is to be the chief representative of the Russian Government in the peace negotiations, is snapped on his arrival in Paris on Saturday. Kamura, the Japanese representative, is also present.

NEW BARON DINGWALL



Mr. Auberon Thomas Herbert succeeds his uncle, the late Earl Cowper, in the baronies of Dingwall and Lucan. He also inherits a great part of the late earl's estates.

AMERICAN G



United States gunboat Bennington exploded in the harbor of San Diego by the explosion of a powder magazine on board every

PICTURES OF EVENTS

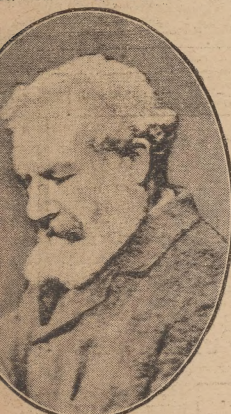


TIARY IN PARIS.



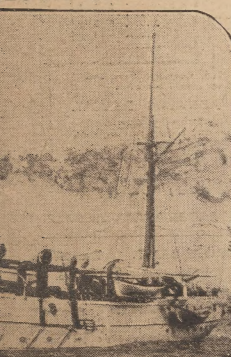
ssia at the Peace Conference, London, where he will meet Baron tentiary.

R. A. INJURED.



MacWhirter, the well-known Academician, who was thrown from a hansom cab owing to the horse falling on Saturday and sustained a broken leg.—(Russell.)

BLOWN UP.



completely wrecked in San Francisco. Of the 160 men on board, many were injured.

SULTAN'S ESCAPE.



Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey narrowly escaped death on Friday. A bomb exploded just outside the royal mosque at the moment he was leaving the building.

BRITISH CHAMPIONS.



H. L. Doherty, who is to meet the American player, W. A. Larned, at Wimbledon to-day in the international lawn-tennis singles.



S. H. Smith, a representative of the British Isles in the international lawn-tennis singles at Wimbledon to-day. He has to meet Holcombe Ward, of America.

WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.



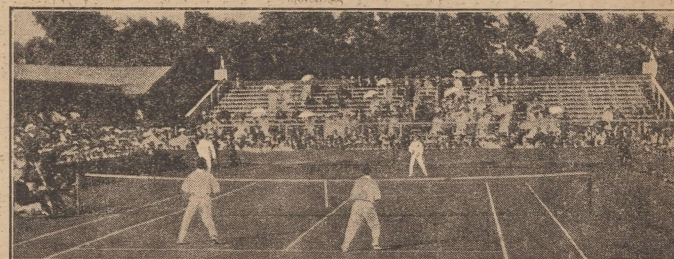
Chairing Armourer-Sergeant A. J. Comber, of the 2nd V.B. East Surrey Regiment, winner of the King's Prize at Bisley. His score of 315 points out of a possible 355 was only six points below record. A portrait of Sergeant Comber, taken after his victory, is also reproduced.

SATURDAY'S REGATTA AT MOLESEY.



Excellent weather and a programme which promised and realised good sport brought a big crowd to Molesey for the amateur regatta on Saturday. Our photograph shows the scene on the river just by Garrick Villa during an interval in the racing.

ENGLAND BEATS THE UNITED STATES AT LAWN TENNIS.



Photograph taken at Wimbledon during the match between the British Isles and the United States of America in the challenge round of the Davis Cup competition. The English pair—the Doherty brothers—finally beat their opponents—H. Ward and B. C. Wright—after an exciting series of games.

A LONDONER ON TRAMP.

Clerk in Search of Farm Work Still
Wanting a Job.

OUT-OF-WORKS EVERYWHERE

This is the third instalment of the genuine experiences of a clerk out of employment who had heard work could be got on the land, and who determined to try and find it.

He has described how he tramped to Oxford, sleeping mostly under haystacks and asking for work everywhere without success. Now, after an uneasy night on the hay, he is just starting off towards Bristol.

It was a raw morning, drizzling, and very cold. I felt ill and queasy. I think it must have been the fresh atmosphere.

I got along with difficulty for some miles, but brightened after a while. The villages began to wear an old-world appearance, thatched and creeper-covered. Flowers by the roadside were popping and glowing, though, singularly enough, they get sparser as one comes west.

Their character changes, too. From Oxford for a long way there were poppies and a kind of giant corn-flower. Now the hedges were lined with meadow-sweet and a flower like a small aster on a long stem, in shades varying from pale blue to mauve.

At about eight o'clock I reached Malmesbury. I turned into a stone-paved, large-roomed inn, and asked for some bread-and-butter and tea. How good it was! Four slices and two cups of tea, 3d. I think I had earned it, for I had come ten miles already. The landlady asked if I had come far, and I said from London. She seemed incredulous.

THE OPEN ROAD.

My road to Bristol now lay clear before me—thirty miles, it is true, but I had all day and could take it easy.

Some way outside Malmesbury a man driving a cab loaded with sacks of oats overtook me and offered me a lift. I was not tired, and would have liked to have walked the whole distance now that I had come so far. But it seemed churlish to refuse, so up I jumped.

The usual inquiries followed, and the usual information. Lots of people out of work, and so on. He gave his opinion that I should reach Bristol early in the afternoon, and so I did. It was just about four o'clock. When I got to the suburbs of the city I turned into a coffee shop and had a good tea. Two slices of the eternal bread-and-butter, one cake, and two cups of tea. Total cost, 3d. You see I never eat any meat, and this is a great saving now.

The good lady in charge said I looked tired, and we were soon exchanging confidences. All these people will tell an utter stranger, and a disreputable looking stranger at that, their private family affairs. It is their way of showing friendliness.

I told her that I was looking for work. She asked was I married, and I told her no, and she replied significantly that it was as well.

She then inquired my trade, and when I said a clerk she said she did not think I would find much work in Bristol. There was not much a clerk could do.

She was right. Of all the helpless, useless wretches in the world the out-of-work clerk is the worst.

HELPLESS BRAIN-WORKERS.

He is confined to the narrowest of grooves. A cabinet-maker will turn his hand to carpentry or joinery, and the boiler-maker to a dozen kindred trades; but the clerk is helpless. He is led to work with his brains alone, while the craftsman has trained his hands also to his service.

In Bristol I put up at the Church Army home, and, taught by experience, I bought the following: Half loaf bread, 2d.; 2oz. butter, 1d.; tin condensed milk, 1d.; tea, 1d.; sugar, 1d.—Total, 6d. Out of this I had a good tea, a good breakfast this morning, and I shall have enough for tea to-night and, with another pennyworth of bread, breakfast to-morrow.

I have not mentioned separately all the farms at which I inquired for work as I came along. It would have been tedious to repeat the same story over and over again. Everywhere the same experience. Not enough work even for those who live in the country, let alone for the town-dweller.

All over the country there are people out of work. I think the situation calls for plain, simple, honest inquiry. One thing is certain. All comes from the land, and it must be won by human labour directly or indirectly applied. Everything as regards work is to one end—the winning of commodities as economically as may be from the good brown soil.

Since there are more than enough people in the country to do the work required there, and since that work does not produce enough food for the people in the towns, it may seem that we have

reached an impasse, and that there are really too many people in this country.

There may be. But I have seen great tracts not under cultivation, and I am convinced that the ground would bear twice the stock if the matter were properly considered. It is no one's business, however. The farmer thinks he may do as he will with his "own." If a field is his he may grow bushes on it if it pleases him; and the labourer is incurably stupid.

The misdirection of labour by the irresponsible rich is a great and growing danger in this country. When I look at these slums of Bristol and think what might be—Even these people would change if they could, if it were not for the millstone round their necks; but it is of their children and their children's children that I am thinking.

Well, now I must start off again, working back towards London, and still seeking that work on the land which I was told might be had for the asking! I will let you hear how I fare by the way.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

INCONVENIENCES OF MOTOR RACING.

Yesterday I went to spend an hour by the sea between Black Rock and Palace Pier, and about 1.30 p.m. I thought we had better see about getting back.

I found, however, that retreat was absolutely cut off. We were not allowed to cross the racing track, neither could we go round the end of the track, as that was stopped also.

The result was that my wife and seven months old child and myself were unable to get off the front until 6.45. Nearly six hours had my child to remain without food.

This is the first time I have stayed for any length of time in Brighton. I certainly should not think of coming here again if half of the front is to be closed for four days in a week.

R. C. DORNAN.

9, Egremont-place, Brighton, July 22.

CLERGYMEN AND THE BIBLE.

The reasoning of "the Catholic" is very ingenious in your columns. It is obvious that his Church withholds the Bible from him, and yet he is sure that the Pope is infallible, and therefore the Biblical interpretation.

But, alas! behind this subtle logic we know that the Infallible Pope is no more infallible than the Tsar of Russia. The former is the tool of Roman curia and the latter of the bureaucracy.

The greatest mistake that the Roman Church ever made was the inclusion of this formula as the fundamental of her religion.

Surely the Church of England ought to be congratulated upon an open Bible and the effort on the part of her sons to scrutinise its meaning.

Radnor-road, Kensington. ANGLO-CATHOLIC.

THE LORDS AND THE TRAMWAYS.

I would like the writer of your leading article to take a quiet stroll along the Embankment in the early morning or in the cool of the evening.

Start from Westminster and walk towards Blackfriars. The river is on the right, and the air is cool and fresh, and everything seems calm and quiet and peaceful. Here, indeed, at this time, there seems to be peace—peace, away, just for a moment, from the rush and tear and turmoil of business and traffic.

What a pity it seems to spoil all this by the clanging of the bells, the rumble of the cars, the rush for the cars, and the continuous stationary reminders that "all trams stop here."

A. J. J.

BLACKSMITHS AND BLASPHEMY

I have read the letters in your paper regarding blasphemy in farriers.

As solicitor for a big farriers' society, allow me to say that I have always found them a steady and industrious class, no more addicted to oaths than their fellows. I should hear with surprise had accounts of their conduct.

T. E. C.

NO FIRST-CLASS "SMOKERS."

Underground Railway Exempted from the Necessity of Providing Them.

A correspondent who wrote to the Board of Trade asking whether the Metropolitan District Railway could legally cease to provide first-class smoking carriages, received the following reply:—

The Metropolitan District Railway Company were exempted in 1869 from the statutory obligation to provide smoking compartments on their trains for each class of passenger by a certificate issued by the Board of Trade pursuant to Section 20 of the Regulation of Railways Act, 1868.

Our correspondent adds:—"It would be highly interesting to know why this company, whose traffic is by no means too admirably conducted, and whose carriages are among the most uncomfortable and uncleanly of any in the kingdom, should have been able to obtain such an exemption and thus deprive its unwilling patrons from their endeavours to mitigate the unpleasant sulphurous fumes to which they are so liberally treated."

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime. His one false step is the removal from Devenish's table of some banknotes, which he fingers out of curiosity, and has not time to replace before the Daintree enters the room.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt. He has been entrusted with the notes by Chester, and promises to return them for him. But he mysteriously disappears, and is discovered at last, suffering from complete loss of memory, by some workmen. He has now been heard of in Liverpool.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding. In love with Chester, and beloved by Mordaunt, who entraps her in a house where she supposes a party is to take place. In the course of a scene with him she falls and cuts herself.

DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish. Has Chester in his power, owing to the fact that he has replaced the money which through the former's fault is missing from Devenish's room.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widow daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth. Considered as a possible wife for Chester.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter. Has offered to lend Queenie money.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

CHAPTER XXI. (Continued.)

"Two hundred pounds, and he bolted with £2,000," whispered Chester fiercely. "And all this while that poor girl has been stretched on a rack, and I've had a taste of hell on earth."

He dashed the notes to the table. They were proof positive to him of Mayfield's infamy.

"What's he done with the rest? Gambled it away? Or invested it, and means paying me back out of the interest?"

He laughed harshly.

"I'd have some respect for him if he had written to me, and owned up like a man. Instead of that, not a word for weeks, and then he takes refuge behind that poor girl. Afraid that if I get his track I'd wring his neck. And, by God! I believe I would, too."

Chester was not given to vent his emotions in this fashion. He belonged to the reserved type of Englishman who does not make much outward show of his feelings. But he was labouring under an accumulated strain of weeks, and outward expression sometimes does the duty of a safety-valve. He was not afraid to acknowledge that the first false step was his own. But he had been guilty of a blunder, an act of monumental folly—not treachery too despicable for words. The first effect of the notes was to inspire him with fierce anger rather than a feeling of relief at being in a position to discharge at least a portion of his humiliating debt to Dexter.

He laughed bitterly as he snatched up the bundle of paper money.

"Dexter shall have them to-night, and sign for them, before I give anyone a chance of robbing me a second time, or I make another monumental ass of myself."

He took a step towards the door, but turned back.

"What am I thinking of?" he muttered. "I must write to her—acknowledge the money—thank her. Poor little woman, her eyes are opened at last."

He tore up his first letter. One or two bitter phrases had contrived somehow to creep into it. He reviled himself for a brute. He was excited. The unexpected appearance of the bank-notes seemed to have brought to the surface feelings lately thrust into the background and obscured by his growing passion for Eve.

He was better pleased with his second letter. In many respects he was sensitive as a woman. He was very jealous for Queenie's feelings. He had never forgotten how she had come to him, like a veritable angel missioned by God, at that ghastly moment when he was on the point of taking his life. Now it seemed to him that the very contemplation of such an act was a sin in itself.

These thoughts and others surged through his brain. He was strangely excited.

He was still excited, strung up, when he sprang into a cab, and drove to Mr. Dexter's private residence. It was late, but he wished to be quit of the responsibility of the notes as soon as possible.

Since giving him a cheque for twenty pounds on account of the loan he had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with the cashier. In fact, Dexter seemed almost to avoid him, as if from some spirit of delicacy. He had accepted the cheque apologetically; nor had he made any further attempt to instruct Chester how to conduct himself towards Queenie. Just when it seemed that the man was about to show his hand he had retired again into the background, leaving Chester puzzled and in the odd problem as to the motives of the man's conduct.

In private life Mr. Dexter lived in quiet, but good style. As he had more than once explained, he was a bachelor, and in receipt of a handsome salary. He also pleaded guilty to one or two fortunate speculations. He indulged in the luxury of a hotel. A well-equipped billiard-room had been added to his house at Markham's Green, a

(Continued on page 11.)

OLMA FINE OLD MALT GIN

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"MIRROR" PRIZE WINNERS.

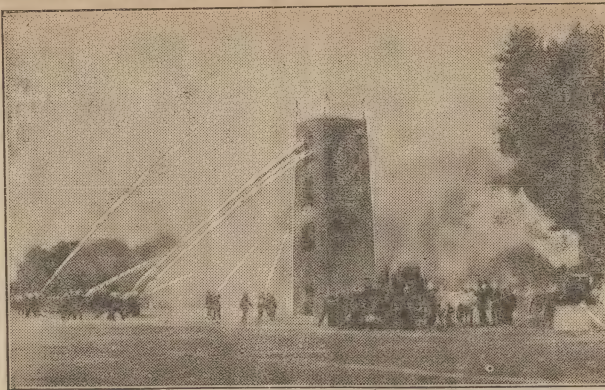


Sergeant-Major Wallingford (on the left) and Q.M.-Sergeant Robinson, winners of the first prize of £24 in the *Daily Mirror* automatic rifle competition at Bisley on Saturday.



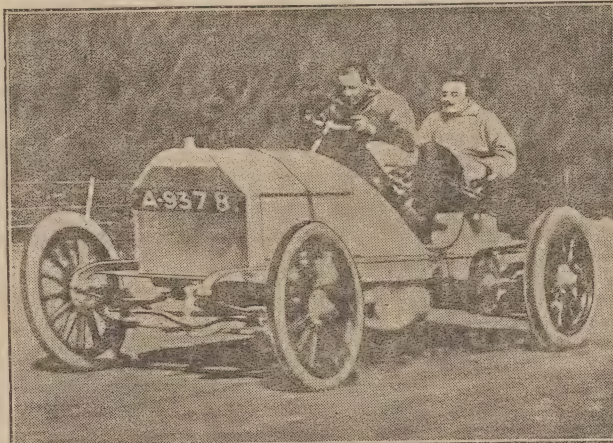
Captain Etches (on the left) and Captain Staunton, winners of the second prize of £16 in the *Daily Mirror* competition at Bisley.

FIRE BRIGADE DISPLAY IN VICTORIA PARK.



The annual display and inspection of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade took place in Victoria Park on Saturday, and an enormous crowd watched the proceedings. The most interesting item was that photographed, when all the steamers took part in extinguishing a blaze in a specially-erected wooden tower.

RACING AT THE BRIGHTON MOTOR-CAR CARNIVAL.



Mr. J. T. C. Moore Brabazon, driving a 90-h.p. Mors car in the kilometre race, with a flying start, for the "Daily Mail" Cup.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

quiet suburb of South-West London that still boasted an actual green and some traces of a former rusticity. He preferred to live a little way out, and pay less rent. When Mr. Dexter indulged in discreet nights of pleasure he made a convenience of his club, or Mordaunt's rooms at the Northumbrian. Even when dining alone at home Mr. Dexter donned dress-clothes with unflinching regularity.

It was past eleven o'clock when Chester reached Markham's Green. It was the valet who ushered Chester into the billiard-room, where Mr. Dexter, in evening-dress and a velvet smoking-jacket, was idly knocking the balls about. At sight of Chester he raised his thin eyebrows with an expression of quiet surprise.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, in his smooth voice. "I am delighted to see you."

Chester's face was still flushed, and his eyes bright, with excitement. He came straight to the point.

"I'm in a position to wipe off a portion of my debt," he said.

An expression of concern showed on Dexter's quiet, pronounced features.

"You've not been borrowing? Please understand that I wish you to suit your own convenience. If I thought—"

"It's not necessary to explain where the money comes from. It is sufficient that I am in a position to pay you back £200."

Chester handed over the notes. Dexter shrugged his shoulders, and smiled gravely as if some idea was suddenly dawning on him. Without further remark he wrote out an acknowledgment.

"I am afraid it's too much to expect the whole amount from the same source," he said quietly, handing Chester the receipt. "I quite understand the motive of your reticence now. You are very chivalrous to your friends. I have not heard you speak a word against the man to whom we owe our present position. But perhaps—" he picked up his cue, and with a sharp, incisive stroke pocketed the red—"perhaps you are influenced by your

consideration for the sister rather than the brother."

He stood at ease with his cue, and glanced at Chester from out the corners of his quiet, deep eyes. Chester looked at him straightly; but failed to read the man.

"But I think you are making a mistake, Mr. Chester. I don't think your attitude towards the young lady in question is altogether approved of at Devenish House. I can't help thinking—"

But Chester shut him up sharply. This was intolerable.

"Look here, Mr. Dexter," he said rapidly. "Understand this, once and for all. I will not be instructed by you how to conduct myself. My obligation to you does not entitle you to behave like this. Understand this—once and for all!"

Chester struck the billiard-table emphatically. Dexter's thin lips tightened—went evil. A tinge of blood showed under his colourless skin.

"This is hardly the way to speak to me!" he whispered, his voice becoming thin and reedy.

"Supposing—supposing I repented of my action, and went and made a clean breast of things to Mr. Vincent Devenish, explained how, out of pity for a foolish young man, I connived at his act of folly—if it would be regarded as such under the present circumstances by Mr. Devenish?"

Chester set his teeth; but he winced first. Dexter had a quiet way of getting his blows home.

"What of your future career then, Mr. Chester? What of the present respect and confidence in which you are held at Devenish House both by Mr. Devenish—and his beautiful and accomplished daughter?"

The expression on the thin, half-smiling lips seemed to be growing more evil, more cynical.

"What would be the verdict passed on you, Mr. Chester? You would be adjudged either a fool unfit for a position of any sort in a house of business or a criminal. I am not saying you are a fool or a criminal; I know differently. I am looking at it from the point of view of Devenish House. It is conceivable that you would be criminally associated with the young man who has obviously returned the money you have paid me to-night. I don't suppose if the matter were placed in the hands of the police that it would be so very

difficult to trace Mr. Thomas Mayfield, despite his sister's efforts to conceal his whereabouts."

Chester staggered as from a blow. Dexter's thin lips smiled wide and revealed his excellent false teeth. He had got home the nastiest blow of all—the suggestion that Queenie might be possibly implicated.

But Chester was on his mettle now.

"One moment," he said hoarsely. "I want an answer to this question—Are you threatening me? Come! Out with it! Are you threatening me?"

"A supposition is not a threat, Mr. Chester, and it was uttered in the heat of a moment. I was stung by your unjustifiable attitude towards myself; but if you persist in maintaining this unreasonable attitude the sooner this interview is ended the better. When you have cooled and thought matters over, Mr. Chester, you will find that you owe me an apology."

Mr. Dexter rang the bell and requested his valet, who answered the summons, to escort Mr. Chester to the front door. Chester had no alternative but to go. He had had the worst of the encounter, and the realisation of this maddened him. Dexter had emerged from the shadowy background, dealt a swift succession of staggering blows, and then, when Chester would have closed with him, retreated, and masked himself about with the clank of an injured man.

Chester thought the house, taking with him the barbed arrows that Mr. Dexter, with the skill of a banderillo, had planted in his soul before taking up a safe position behind the barrier. The latter had laid stress on the fact that revelation must in time ensue. This was the sharpest and best-aimed of his banderillas.

As Chester made his way across the deserted green, which Dexter's house faced, he bared his head to the night air. Dexter either knew or divined whence the notes had come; either knew or divined that Queenie was in secret communication with her brother, and he was turning these facts to good account.

Chester's hands opened and shut. Had he been the sole party involved he would have gone straight to Devenish House on the following morning, confessed himself, and faced the music like a man. But Queenie was the brake on his impulse now.

(Continued on page 13.)

URIC ACID TROUBLES AND THEIR PREVENTION.

Facts of Special Interest to Those Approaching Middle Age and Sufferers from Gout, Rheumatism, Gravel, Gouty Eczema, and Acidity.

Uric acid troubles are remarkably common, and the reasons for their prevalence are—first, that those who suffer from them do not at once recognise the nature of their complaint; and, secondly, that the manifestation of these ailments is so various that their common origin is not understood. There are thousands of people to-day who are suffering from the early stages of uric acid trouble, without in the least knowing the source of their symptoms, or even that there is anything wrong. Are you one of these persons? If you read the next paragraph you can easily see whether you are, and if so it is easy to take measures to counteract the trouble. The first beginnings of an ailment are insidious, and in many cases pass unnoticed, and the true significance of slight symptoms of ill-health are not realised till much avoidable suffering has been endured.

SYMPTOMS OF URIC ACID TROUBLE.

If, when the first feelings of irritation between the fingers, in the palms, or about the ankles are experienced, small concretions are felt in the outer rim of the ear, or little lumps are found under the skin on arms, breast, or legs, Bishop's Varalletes are taken, future trouble will be averted. If you take Bishop's Varalletes when you first begin to suffer from acidity, heartburn, or flatulence, or notice that you are passing small grains of uric acid or sediment, you will keep graver complications successfully at bay. If, the moment you find that your joints are swollen, tender, or difficult to bend, or there is a dull pain in the right side of the body as the result of sluggish liver, you obtain a supply of Bishop's Varalletes, and take them, you will prevent attacks in later life. You cannot have a more convenient, economical, or portable remedy and preventive than Bishop's Varalletes. Why not use them if you recognise one or two of these symptoms as your own?

URIC ACID IN THE SYSTEM.

In the process of all manufactures waste products are produced, and in the daily work of the body various waste products result, and need to be removed from the system. One form of effete matter is uric acid, and if it be not removed it accumulates, is changed into one of the urates, deposited in the joints, muscles, or nerves, and causes constitutional disturbance and in many cases acute pain.

HOW URIC ACID MAY BE REMOVED.

In youth a great deal of active exercise is taken, and the effect of this is to eliminate uric acid as fast as it is formed. In later life, however, there is frequently a considerable reluctance to take vigorous exercise, and as, in many cases, more food and drink is taken than is actually required, uric acid is retained, and hence follows gout, rheumatism, gravel, gouty eczema, sciatica, or lumbago. Evidently the way to cure such troubles is to dissolve the uric acid and remove it from the system. That is effected by the use of Bishop's Varalletes, which exert a chemical action upon uric acid, and dissolve it, so that it passes away harmlessly and painlessly through the natural channels. The accumulations of the urates are thus removed, Bishop's Varalletes soften these and gradually break them up, and, when these are once removed, occasional resort to Bishop's Varalletes will enable you to avoid future attacks.

A STRIKING LETTER.

The Rev. Lewis D. Thomas writes as follows:—
St. Margaret's Vicarage, Fernhurst, near Basingstoke.—For at least the two years and a half I was a perfect martyr to rheumatism. It had taken such a hold upon my whole system that I could not even dress at home or robe in the vestry without help. I was advised by a gentleman (Colonel Ford) to try "Bishop's Varalletes." This was about two and a half years ago. I at once went into the nearest chemist I could find and purchased a 5s. box, and took the Varalletes according to Messrs. Bishop's directions, and I have every reason to believe that one single box cured me. I have not had a single touch of rheumatism since. I have had two and a half years of absolute freedom from Rheumatic pain of any kind, and feel that I cannot recommend Bishop's Varalletes too strongly to all who suffer from Rheumatism.

BISHOP'S VARALLETES
(Registered)

are supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores in vials at 1s., 2s., or 25 days' treatment for 5s. If preferred you can send to Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelman-street, Mile-end New Town, London, who will send a supply for 1s. 1d., 2s. 1d., or 5s. 2d., post free, within the United Kingdom. With every vial is enclosed a leaflet giving facts as to diet, etc., in uric acid troubles. Always take care to see that you get Bishop's Varalletes, and absolutely refuse any imitation that may be offered.

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BEETHAM'S "SAROLD" Will entirely remove all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, HEAT, IRRITATION, TAN, &c., in a very short time.

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real hair savers. WAYERS

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THE ROSES

return to the housewife's cheeks when the floors are covered with CATESBY'S CORK LINO. Excessive work, indoor drudgery, and especially crouching labour, soon cause most women to suffer from constant palsy and have the careworn aspect of an overworked woman. Floor scrubbing and dust clearing is the sort of slavish labour that spoils a woman's appearance. Do away with this floor cleaning drudgery by covering the floors with CATESBY'S CORK LINO (it needs no scrubbing, no dust) and you bring back the roses to the housewife's cheeks. Write for free samples and designs, then buy on Easy Terms, or secondly, in the £ discount by paying cash. We pay carriage.

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Yds.	Yds.	A Quality.	B Quality.
3 by 3	18s. 6d.	21 1s. 6d.	21 1s. 6d.
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3 by 6	21 4s. 6d.	21 8s. 6d.	21 8s. 6d.
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THE BARGAIN-HUNTING SEASON DRAWS TO A CLOSE—BLOUSES MADE FROM REMNANTS.

THE LAST WEEK OF THE SALES.

PROVIDENT PURCHASES WITH AUTUMN IN VIEW.

The provident girl who is going to shop this week, during the last few days of the sales, should realise that autumn will be here before long, so, letting the white fabrics go, she should recollect that shot effects promise to be popular, not only for evening wear, but for day-gowns in the autumn. Shaded effects, a somewhat different form of the shot ones, are being shown in chiffon for blouse and shoulder scarves. If it is a blouse that is made of shaded chiffon, the top of the blouse, gathered full into a lace yoke or a high collar, is of the

or swathed belt criss-crossed closely with narrow black velvet ribbon is one simple way of applying the touch. Rosettes or tightly-centred little bows of black velvet, again, are excellent set down the front of a shirt and on the sleeves of a blouse with discretion and good taste.

The flowered materials are lovely this season, and though a majority of the very smart thin frocks are in one-tone effects, the woman who can spend but little will find one of the thin flowered materials a good investment, for August bids fair to be a very hot month, indeed. Much trimming is not only unnecessary, but undesirable upon flowered organics, net, grenadine, and the other thin fabrics thus patterned.

Ribbon trimmings the colours of the flower design, if skillfully used, look very pretty upon the thin flowered frock. For a dress of this description—the material a flowered mousseline de soie with a design of large pink roses and foliage—on the flounces were set fine rows of narrow satin

part holes must be cut in the parasol and embroidery worked round them, carrying out an effect of broderie Anglaise.

To cut holes in a parasol is a daring feat, and the work must be carefully done or it will not be successful. So those who are not sure of their skill should try some other method of embroidery, and for this purpose the Chinese method is very good. Take a piece of silk exactly the colour of the sunshade, and cut it into a wide band. Leave the edges raw, cut them in scallops, and then embroider along each edge or trim them with a narrow fringe or with a fancy filling. Now embroider the strip of silk in a large openwork pattern, and then apply it to the parasol, sewing it all round the edge. Finally, cut out the pattern in the silk and secure the edges so that they will not fray or pull or stretch. If done carefully, this will give a very lovely effect.

Another very handsome lingerie parasol is made by purchasing a white linen sunshade of a very

After leaving the water the hair, if at all damp, should be thoroughly shampooed with warm water and treated with a good tonic. Unless the salt and particles of sand are removed from the hair after every bath, they will soon result in falling hair, and an uncomfortably dry sensation of the scalp.

The shampooing should follow immediately the bath leaves the water, as the sun and air, so good for the hair when not wet, are most injurious in conjunction with sea salt. But even when one is not at the seaside the hair requires just as much attention in the town during the summer. The dust and heat of towns are very bad for the hair, and it should therefore be shampooed every fortnight or three weeks during the hot months. It should also be well massaged and treated with a good tonic at least once a week, and the rough or broken ends should be singed every two or three months.

IN AN OLD TRUNK

Baby Finds a Bottle of Carbolio Acid and Drinks It.

While the mother was unpacking an old trunk a little eighteen months old baby got hold of a bottle of carbolio acid while playing on the floor, and his stomach was so badly burned it was feared he would not live, for he could not eat ordinary foods. The mother says—

"It was all two doctors could do to save him, as it burnt his throat and stomach so badly that for two months after he took the poison nothing would lie on his stomach. Finally I took him into the country and tried new milk and that was no better for him. His Grandma finally suggested Grape-Nuts and I am thankful I adopted the food, for he commenced to get better right away and would not eat anything else. He commenced to get fleshy and his cheeks like red roses, and now he is entirely well."

"I took him visiting, and every place we went to stay he called for Grape-Nuts, and I would have to explain why it was his main food."

"Anyone can write to me or my physicians and learn what Grape-Nuts food will do for children and grown-ups, too." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

7d. per packet at all grocers.

BE FAIR to your face, and your face will be fair to you and to others.

POMEROY SKIN FOOD

Induces natural loveliness. Restores the bloom of youth to the skin. Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/6, 2/6, 3/6, or post free from Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 20, Old Bond St., London.

CLEAN YOUR KNIVES

With the "Magic" Cleaner. Works like lightning. Cleans both sides at once. Does not turn edge, injure blade, or waste powder. Shines like new and very cheap. 6d., or post free 8d., from sole licensees for United Kingdom, G. Woodcock & Co., 37, Commercial Road, London, E. Agents wanted.

Beauty.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM is the safe cream for those that dread down or superfluous hair. Cleanses, cools, and makes the skin white, transparent, healthy, and soft as velvet. Invaluable for insect-bites. Price 1/6. Send 2d. stamps for samples.

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All Millinery Reduced to 7/9 each.

All Orders must be accompanied by remittance and postage. Nothing sent on approval.



The pretty blouse on the extreme left is made of white muslin allied to lace, banded with blue ribbon in the old Greek manner. In the centre is a grey light-weight cloth frock, touched with black velvet and yellow lace, and on the right a corsage with embroidered and velvet-edged revers, with elbow cuffs to match.

deepest tone, which gradually diminishes to the waist, while the sleeves reverse in progress of tint, with the full puffed tops of the darker shade, and the full below the elbow of the lighter one.

In shot materials, from mauve to blue is a favourite combination, and so is from pink to pale purple; green toned to pink is also a pretty, if commonplace, effect, and grey shot with golden yellow is effective in small portions, such as for a blouse rather than a whole costume.

Black velvet ribbon is a trimming that is much in request in the mid-season we now approach for the adorning of blouses. There is nothing to equal the touch of black for good effect. A deeply-pointed

ribbon all pink, but shading from the darkest pink in the rose design to the lightest shade.

One of the very fashionable items of the toilette this summer is the lingerie parasol. As this pretty sunshade is very becoming to the face, this fact may account for its sudden and great popularity. To make a lingerie parasol, it is necessary to buy first of all a plain linen sunshade. See that it is as fine as possible, for though it will not wear for a very long time it will be pretty while it does last.

Take the thin linen sunshade and work into it a large bow and ends of narrow white silk ribbon. Spread out the loops and ends and lay them flat, then embroider all round them. For the openwork

thin and fine quality, mounted upon a white enamel frame and handle. Now, with handsome artificial violets, make a pattern upon each panel of the parasol and embroider leaves and tendrils round the violets so that they will look life-like. This is another of the many ingenious ways of making a handsome summer sunshade. Any colour can be chosen, but white linen is the most charming of all, and it can be worn with any gown.

THE HAIR AND SEA BATHING.

Notwithstanding the many words of warning she receives, the average girl is very careless with regard to giving proper attention during the summer to the hair. This is especially true on the seashore, when the hair is so frequently bathed.

It is by no means necessary to give up sea bathing on account of long and luxuriant tresses, but it is unnecessary and wrong to get the hair wet with salt water every day and neglect to shampoo it thoroughly afterwards. In the first place, it need not get wet if a good bathing-cap is worn, but should the bather not wish to purchase a cap, a large piece of oiled silk wrapped daintily and carefully round the head and tied in a secure knot to keep out the water will answer the purpose as well.

than Major Ruthven's coach. She was standing atop the coach, her superb figure clearly outlined, sweeping the bright scene with a pair of field-glasses.

Eve only realised Chester's presence when he reached the top of the coach. She favoured him with the sweetest and friendliest of smiles, and then continued her conversation with the Major. Presently Chester found himself saddled with a giggling, young woman with an empty head and an artificial manner, and a limitless capacity of sticking to any man who might happen to take her fancy.

Luncheon over, she insisted on Chester escorting her round the ground. On their return to the coach she still clung to Chester, and Harrow having entered on their second innings, insisted on further irritating Chester by airing her ignorance of the great game.

"What a splendid cut!" she exclaimed, when one of the young batsmen pulled a straight ball to the leg-boundary for four.

Chester glanced towards Eve. But the sun was fierce, and her parasol screened both her and Major Ruthven.

"Oh!" ejaculated the irritating young woman. "The long-stop dropped that catch!"

It was the wicket-keeper, but no matter. And it was not a catch, in the first instance. At that moment Eve raised her parasol, smiled most bewitchingly at Chester, and then elevated her delicately curved eyebrows with an expression that was half wicked, half quizzing, as much as to say, "I don't altogether envy you your companion. Why don't you leave her, and come and join me?"

And Chester's heart—to employ homely terms—rose from his boots to his mouth.

That one glance atoned for all his sufferings. He had been suffering—suffering acutely.

(To be continued.)

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

He clenched up his hands, and it was well for Tom Mayfield that he was not within range at that moment.

Chester was beside himself, and when, on reaching one of the lamps that fringed the green, a drunken man lurched into him, he demanded of him fiercely what he was doing.

The drunkard answered with a blow and an oath. Chester was very quick with his fists. A moment later the man was measuring his length in the gutter. He staggered to his feet and spat blood. The lamp-light fell on his features.

"Do you want any more?" asked Chester, seeing the man's face clearly for the first time.

"No," was the sullen answer.

The man staggered away and across the green towards Mr. Dexter's residence.

Chester stared after him. Something about the man's face had seemed vaguely familiar, suggesting a faint, depraved caricature of some face seen recently—though where and when he could not recall for the moment.

It did not occur to him to associate the man's features with the portrait of Cecil Daintree that had happened across in the library at Dervish House. Even had he done so, he must have told himself that it was merely a case of grotesque resemblance.

Cecil Daintree was dead.

Eve was a widow.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lord's cricket-ground was packed with humanity as Chester slowly threaded his way towards Block B, where Major Ruthven's coach was installed.

Chester suddenly became conscious of Eve rather

SATURDAY'S SPORTS.

Another Victory for Shrubbs—
Amateur Champions in Form.

There were many meetings on Saturday, and the conditions generally were glorious.

Unfortunately there was an accident at the Brigade of Guards' sports at Burton Court, Chelsea. Owing to an obstacle collapsing while the competitors were at the summit of the ropes they had climbed, during an obstacle race, three of those taking part—Lance-Sergeant Barnard, Lance-Corporal Jones, and Private O'Brien—were injured. Private O'Brien was the greatest sufferer. He received the bulk of the weight, and had to be removed in a cab to the hospital.

ENGLISH SPRINT CHAMPION'S WIN.

In the 100yds. level race of the Salford Harriers at Manchester J. W. Morton, the South London Harrier English champion, beat J. P. Stark, the Scottish champion, for first place in 10.2 sec. The one mile Northern Counties Championship was won by J. Roberts (Salford) in 4 min. 29.1 sec.

SHRUBBS' WIN AT BIRMINGHAM.

Success attended the famous Birchfield Harriers' meeting at Birmingham. Result:—Birchfield Harriers beat South London Harriers by four events to three. S. H. Robinson (Birchfield) won the 100yds. L. F. Tremer (S.L.H.) won the 220yds. race in 24 sec. G. Whigginton (Birchfield) won the mile in 4 min. 48 sec. F. P. Crowther (Birchfield) beat L. de B. Reed (S.L.H.) in the quarter-mile. Time, 15 sec. W. E. Hickman (Birchfield) won the two miles hurdles race; J. P. George (S.L.H.) won the half-mile, and the South London Harriers won the relay race. In the handicap events A. Shrubbs' success from scratch in the three miles handicap in 14 min. 31.4 sec. and his run on to the four miles mark in 50 min. 15 sec. were the most important.

QUARTER-MILE CHAMPION'S VICTORY.

In the Northern Edinburgh Harriers' sports at Edinburgh, Lieutenant W. Halswell, the quarter-mile amateur champion of England, beat R. J. Blunden, the half-mile champion of England, in the last quarter-mile of a mile relay race. Halswell's time—50.1 sec.—was 2.5 sec. inside the Scottish native record, by W. H. Welsh.

SOME BANKS' WINNERS.

Three Banks' sports, at Beckenham.—Half-mile flat race: R. F. C. York (Union), 1; E. F. Judson (Union), 2. Won by twelve yards. Time, 2 min. 4.5 sec. London and South-Western Bank sports at Herne Hill:—100 yards hurdles: K. H. Durnford, owes 12 yards, 1. Time, 18.2 sec. 220 yards race (London banks): A. E. Manly (London and South-Western Bank), 1. Time, 22.45 sec. Half-mile cycle (London banks): R. L. L. Beer (London and South-Western Bank), 1. Time, 1 min. 17.2 sec.

MILITARY CYCLISTS.

At the Crystal Palace the chief results were:—Mile Cycle Championship (Navy and Army): Private Howe (2nd, the King's, Liverpool Regiment), 1. Five Miles Team Race: 4th V.B. East Surrey Regiment, 1. Team Obstacle Race: 20th Middlesex Cyclists Corps (holders), 1. Two Miles Walk: Corporal Wood, 3rd V.B. East Surrey Regiment, was declared the winner. Owing to the time limit being exceeded the Volunteers' Mile Cycle Championship was declared void.

BRILLIANT LAWN TENNIS.

Doherty Brothers Retain the International Cup for British Isles.

On Saturday at Wimbledon the brothers R. F. and H. L. Doherty, by beating the United States champions, H. Ward and B. C. Wright in the doubles, retained for the British Isles possession of the Davis International Cup.

The match was keenly contested, all five sets being played. The Americans developed a strong game in the first set, Wright volleying admirably and B. F. Doherty not being so reliable as usual on important occasions, the English pair lost, after leading at 2-1 and 4-2.

The second and third sets found the Dohertys very safe, and the United States champions were constantly lobbing in order to get past their defence. The latter won only four games in the two sets, but in the fourth they found their game, and the fifth set was begun with the conditions equal.

One all, 2 all, 3 all, 4 all, 5 all, and 6 all were called, and then the Dohertys won a game against Wright's service. This proved the turning-point, and the next game gave the English champions the rubber.

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP TABLE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	P.	Percentage.
Yorkshire	17	9	1	7	8	80.00
Lancashire	18	12	3	3	9	60.00
Sussex	18	7	2	9	5	55.55
Surrey	18	14	2	2	5	50.00
Gloucestershire	18	8	4	3	1	44.44
Leicestershire	14	4	3	7	1	14.28
Nottingham	12	5	4	3	1	11.11
Gloucestershire	9	4	4	1	1	—
Kent	11	—	—	—	—	—
Northamptonshire	9	2	4	2	2	33.33
Worcestershire	12	2	5	5	3	25.00
Warwickshire	13	1	5	9	3	—
Essex	11	2	7	2	5	55.55
Derbyshire	12	1	7	4	2	—
Hampshire	11	1	7	4	3	75.00
Somerset	11	1	7	3	0	—

TO-DAY'S CRICKET MATCHES.

Manchester: England v. Australia.
Bathmore: Sussex v. Surrey.
Sheffield: Yorkshire v. Leicestershire.
Southampton: Hampshire v. Somerset.
Cardiff Bridge: Kent v. Gloucestershire.
Birmingham: Warwickshire v. Derbyshire.

The challenge shield of the London and Southern Counties Bowling Association was won on Saturday by the South London Club, who defeated Southampton County by 16 points.

With perfect weather and record entry, Molesey Regatta on Saturday proved a brilliant success. Thirty-five races figured on the programme, which lasted from ten o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening. The chief feature of the racing was the success of the London R.C. crew, six of the nine events being carried off by representatives of that club.

A Great CRICKETER

EXPRESSES HIS GRATITUDE

Albert Trott,



A
Wonderful
Record!

ALBERT TROTT, from a Photo.

the popular Middlesex Cricketer, explains to the British public the remarkable curative effect of Electricity, the modern wonder worker, which has revolutionised Medical Treatment.

HOW WEAK PEOPLE ARE GIVEN STRENGTH AND MADE INTO PHYSICAL GIANTS!

A letter containing some remarkable statements has just been sent by Albert Trott (the only man in the world who has taken 239 wickets and scored over 1000 runs in one season) to J. L. Pulvermacher, Ltd. Mr. Trott, although from time to time undergoing severe physical strain, is a man who is youthful, light-hearted, possesses nerves like bars of steel, dauntless courage, tireless energy, and elastic step—truly a specimen of superb manhood. His communication is most interesting, as it tells how he reached such a perfect physical standard. He writes from Lord's Cricket Ground, St. John's Wood, London, N.W., on June 15th, 1905: "Dear Sir,—It is with feelings of delight that I write to you to express my thanks for the permanent benefit I have received from the Electric Battery Belt which I had from you. It has worked wonders on me. Often when I had finished a day's cricket I felt done up. My limbs ached, my back was bad—in short I felt exhausted. But all that is now a thing of the past, and I can stand a hard day's work as well as anyone I know. The Appliance is most convenient in use—sometimes I have worn it whilst I have been playing, and on other occasions I have put it on when I went to bed."

"The improvement in my condition since wearing the Belt has been most marked, and I shall not fail to recommend it to my professional friends. In conclusion, I would say that I cannot help thinking, judging from the effect the Appliance has had upon me, that it would be of great value not only to Athletes, but to all people who lack nervous energy. In my opinion, the Pulvermacher Belt is a 'man builder.' Yours faithfully,

A. L. Trott

This statement is a living expression of gratitude which cannot be denied. It is positive proof of the claim which we have made time and time again in these columns, that the **strong man wins in the battle of life**. It is so the world over. If you have strength—**nervous strength**—you can defy your years. We claim that Electricity is the basis of all human vitality, and our claim is not only backed up by such men of the calibre of Albert Trott, but is recognised as a positive fact by all leading Physicians and Scientists of the age, and is accepted also by the intelligent populace all over the universe.

There is nothing so effective, nothing that will relieve pain as speedily and as surely as the Pulvermacher Electric Belt. It assists nature by supplying it with the very essence of nerve vigour and nerve strength. It cures **Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, and all forms of Liver Complaint**. It is an unfailing remedy for **Kidney Troubles, Pains, and Weakness in the Back**, and is a certain cure for lost vitality, and all kinds of **Nervous Exhaustion and General Debility**.

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"FANNY EDEN'S PENNY STORIES."

See page 5.

HOLIDAY OUTFIT FREE

With a pair of
7/6 TROUSERS
to measure, till July
25th only.

Purchase at once a pair of our Holiday Flannel or Business Customers and Tweed Trousers, which are special values at 7s. 6d., with a pair of our Free or Straw Hat in either Boater, Alpaca, or Panama shape value 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., in addition to—Further Gift of a fine White Shirt or Silk Stripe or Made Young Shirt, with collar attached or soft-treated Tunic Shirt, worth at least 2s. to 7s. worth of goods, in addition to a 7s. 6d. Pair of Trousers for the small outfit of 7s. 6d. If you wait till you arrive at the seaside before buying your holiday outfit the shirt and hat would cost you at least 1s.

Further Special Lines.

Cycling Jacket and Trousers or Flannel Jacket and Trousers 16/11, to measure.

35/- Worsteds Suit to Measure 21/11
Test the goodness of these offers by writing at once for Patterns, Measurements and Measure Form, sent post free anywhere.
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